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POEMS & BALLADS

BY

JULIA WILSON.

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# **HISTORICAL BALLADS**

**ILLUSTRATIVE OF**

**THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND,**

**WITH OTHER POEMS.**

**BY JULIA TILT.**

=

**NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.**

**LONDON :**

**E. CHURTON, 15, HANOVER STREET.**

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MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S  
MOST GRATEFUL AND MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,  
JULIA TILT.





TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

---

MADAM,

The strong conviction I entertain of your Royal Highness's untiring goodness, alone emboldens me to take upon myself the difficult task of addressing your Royal Highness, in the hope of making known to you the grateful feelings of my heart. The gracious protection your Royal Highness has been pleased to confer upon my little works, has secured for them, in the hearts of the English people, at least a kindly welcome. And I should be wanting in the best attributes of our nature, were I not

thus publicly to acknowledge, that to your Royal Highness's constant and undeviating goodness I again owe the pleasing task of presenting my New Edition to the public.

That it may prove worthier and still worthier the illustrious patronage it has already received,

Is, MADAM,

The earnest prayer

Of your Royal Highness's

Most devoted, most grateful, most humble servant,

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## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, WRITTEN IMPROMPTU, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1852.

HARK ! the sad bell ! the Hero's dead,  
His spirit unto Heaven has sped,  
England may mourn her Chieftain fled,  
And tell his deeds in story ;  
Whilst crowding round the eternal gate,  
With joy, his ancient comrades wait,  
To greet the Chief, whose word was fate,  
To realms of glory.

He's gone ! the voice is hush'd and still,  
That bowed e'en sovereigns to his will,  
And bade them all his laws fulfil,  
And gave them peace.

B

He's gone ! the Phoenix of his age,  
In battle brave, in council sage,  
Whose nod controll'd a people's rage, \*  
And bade it cease.

He's gone ! Britannia weeps alone,  
And sadly echoes back the groan  
That rises both from cot and throne,  
In mournful measure.

Weep not ! Britannia, look on high,  
Bid Britain's sons their tear-drops dry,  
Fame such as his will never die,  
'Twill live for ever.

---

LINES WRITTEN ON NOVEMBER 18th, 1852.

DAY broke in silence calm and deep,  
E'en nature seemed dispos'd to weep,  
And join the mourning hosts that stood,  
To see their Hero, brave and good,  
Borne to his rest, calm, still and lone,  
Amid one general sob and moan.

Hark ! to the roll of muffled drums  
The solemn pageant slowly comes,  
Bearing with sad befitting grace,  
To his last peaceful resting place,

\* April 10th, 1843.

Him who Albion's battles won,  
Her noblest, best and bravest son.

Solemn and slow, with measur'd tread,  
Soldiers bear the mighty dead,  
With arms revers'd, with mournful wail,  
That sinks, then rises on the gale,  
Proclaiming in that heavy sound,  
At last his spirit peace hath found.

On ! on ! they march, a glittering show,  
Deck'd in their panoply of woe,  
Whilst he who led them on to glory  
Is now become the theme for story,  
And years shall pass, and pass in vain,  
Ere such a Chief be seen again.

Behold, too, in yon mighty nave  
Are group'd the noble and the brave,  
His comrades, who on battle field  
Spurn'd the thought to fly or yield—  
Yet o'er their honour'd Chieftain's bier,  
Think it no shame to drop a tear.

Such manly tribute, if he know  
That which is passing here below,



Such tribute to his worth would be  
More priz'd than hard-won Victory,  
Or jewell'd star, or glittering crown,  
Or deathless title of renown.

Then, Soldier, rest, for o'er thy bier  
Will drop a grateful Nation's tear ;  
And oh ! thy name shall nerve the blow  
That from our shores expels the foe,  
And Britain to that gloried name  
Will give its fullest meed of fame.

---

IN MEMORY OF SIR ROBERT SALE AND HIS  
BRAVE COMPANIONS IN ARMS, WHO FELL AT  
SOBRAON AND ALIWAL.

SHOUTS of glory are rending the sky,  
Which are wafted from Indus to here,  
But echo sends only a sigh,  
To hallow the warrior's bier ;

For on Aliwal's dearly-bought field  
How many a brave heart has fell,  
How many bright prospects are seal'd,  
Or hush'd in a funeral knell.

The veteran who rode forth at morn,  
With hope springing high in his breast,  
Reck'd not that at night he'd be borne,  
And laid in his last final rest—

The young, who rush'd forth to the field,  
Impatient to conquer or die,  
Who cared not their spirit to yield,  
So they heard but the enemy fly—

Have both found a glorious grave,  
For they fell with their swords in their hand,  
While the banners of victory wave,  
Like the leaves of their own native land,

And Britannia weeps sad, o'er the chaplet she wove  
Of laurels the freshest and green,  
Intermix'd with the shamrock, the thistle and rose,  
The brightest that ever was seen.

She wove it with care, for her favourite son ;\*  
But he fell on the field in his glory,  
And nothing remains for the deeds he has done,  
But to tell of his valour in story.

\* Sir Robert Sale.

Of the undying valour, that never would yield—  
Of the courage, that never grew dim—  
Of the heart that was true, in the camp or the field—  
Of the spirit untainted with sin.

And oh ! if that spirit in regions above,  
Still yearns for the land of its birth ;  
It sees that Britannia forgets not her love,  
Nor ceases to honour his worth.

That the laurels she wove, with such pleasure and  
care,  
His perishing brows to enfold,  
Now serve as a crown to the monument fair,  
That is raised to the hero so bold.

---

TO ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, ON HIS  
RISING TO GIVE "TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE  
THAT FELL AT WATERLOO."

*This Poem is most respectfully dedicated to the most  
Fair, the Most Noble the Duchess of Wellington.*

DRINK to the brave  
Who fell in the field ;  
To the undying valour  
That never would yield.

Drink it in silence,  
 With sorrowful mien,  
 For their spirits are gazing  
 From heaven unseen.

The wild flowers bloom  
 O'er the warrior's grave,  
 Then silently drink  
 To the souls of the brave ;  
 Nobly they fought,  
 And gallantly fell,  
 Their glories and honours  
 Are wreath'd like a spell.

When the hero of Waterloo  
 Rises to pass,  
 Solemn and sadly,  
 The funeral glass—  
 At that moment, in heaven,  
 They echo again,  
 "Long life to the hero  
 Who drinks to the slain !"

TO LORD VISCOUNT GOUGH,

*These Lines,*

WRITTEN IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS LORDSHIP'S  
SAFE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND,

*Are dedicated, by his Lordship's most obliged, most  
grateful Servant, the AUTHORESS.*

ALL hail to the vessel that brought back the brave,  
That has brought him safe back, o'er the perilous  
wave,

And hail to thee, chieftain, no longer thou'lt roam,  
So with millions of others I welcome thee home ;

For I honour thy virtues, thy spirit, and zeal,  
From the depths of my heart springs the joy that I  
feel,  
In being permitted, though simple my pen,  
To hail thee, the noblest, the bravest of men.

For thou hast restor'd, 'neath thy soldier-like sway,  
The spirit of chivalry, long pass'd away ;  
Thy victories were gain'd not by cunning or art,  
But by the proud valour that dwells in the heart.

For, when on the field, with a courage undying,  
Thou heard the glad sounds of the enemy flying,  
Though a soldier's delight swell'd thy heart in its  
    pride,  
A tear stain'd thy cheek, for the brave that had died.

Yes, courage and mercy are twins from their birth,  
Ordain'd to defend and protect us on earth—  
And blest is the man who can boast of the two,  
For, alas ! the proud union is found but in few.

Then belov'd in the camp, and ador'd in the field,  
The chief of an army that never would yield,  
Long, long, may thou live to enjoy the renown  
That shall brighten thine age like an evergreen crown.

And oh, do not forget, in this land of the free,  
That an Irishman's welcome is waiting for thee ;  
A welcome so warm, so fond, and so true,  
That it well may repay all the ills you've gone through.

Then, hero of Moulton, the shamrock shall twine  
And encircle the laurels with classic design—  
While Britannia the wreath shall triumphantly wave,  
And crown thee, her son, amid shouts of the brave.

LINES ON THE BANQUET AT APSLEY HOUSE,  
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF  
WATERLOO.

OH, glorious field of Waterloo,  
You rise to memory fresh and true,  
While banners o'er thee wave ;  
I'll sing thy bravest deeds in verse—  
Thy triumphs while I've breath rehearse,  
And crown the warriors' grave.

When at their gallant chieftain's board  
The veteran heroes clasp their sword,  
And mourn the brave ones fled ;  
Raising the sparkling glass on high,  
They waft it, with a silent sigh,  
In memory of the dead.

And justly is that tribute due  
To those who fell at Waterloo—  
Proud England's gallant sons,  
Who shouted " Victory or death !"  
And fought until their failing breath  
Proclaim'd their race was run.

Yes, Waterloo's a glorious term,  
It makes our hearts with freedom burn,  
And bless the hallow'd ground  
That bought the olive branch of peace,  
And caused the fatal wars to cease  
In all the nations round.

Then may that union last for ever :  
May no dark cloud have power to sever,  
Or throw its shade unseen—  
Britannia, may she proudly gaze,  
And wreath her laurels with her bays,  
To crown our English Queen.

Yes, let us crown her Queen of Peace,  
And pray the blessing ne'er may cease,  
But shine a glorious light ;  
We'll kneeling pray to God on high,  
To Him who ever hears our cry,  
To guide our wishes right.

---

LINES INSPIRED BY A VIEW OF THE MONUMENT  
TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR SOMERSET, WHO  
FELL GALLANTLY FIGHTING IN THE BATTLES  
OF THE SUTLEJ.

HERO ! to thy honour'd shade  
How sweet a tribute here is paid,



Paid to thy heroic name—  
To thy brave and spotless fame ;  
Paid by those who saw thee fall,  
Pierc'd with wounds at glory's call.

When thou sank upon the plain,  
Never more to rise again—  
Shouting with thy dying breath,  
“ Victory, or a glorious death !”  
If thought of home cross'd o'er thy brain,  
In that struggling hour of pain,  
Angels whisper'd o'er and o'er,  
That upon thy native shore  
A nation's tears should freely flow,  
To assuage the bitter woe  
That must wring thy parents' heart,  
From their cherish'd son to part,  
Over which a veil we draw,  
Like the sacrifice of yore,  
When the Grecian father's sighs  
Were shrouded thus from public eyes.

Tears bedew thy early grave,  
Banners o'er thy tomb shall wave :

Shades of heroes shall arise,  
To bless thy youthful obsequies—  
Whilst Honour of her favourite son  
Recounts the deeds that he has done ;  
And Freedom hallows with her name,  
The spot where he has earn'd his fame.

Then, warrior, may you peaceful sleep,  
While o'er thy bier thy comrades weep,  
And this tablet of to-day  
Shall stand when years have pass'd away,  
While each succeeding age shall tell  
How brave you fought—how nobly fell.

---

WHAT IS LIFE?

AH ! what is Life ? a stormy day,  
A path where thorns obstruct the way,  
Say—what is Life, but changeful dreams,  
Where nothing is the thing it seems.  
Aye ! what is Life ! brief sunny hour,  
Where darkest shades have deepest power.

What is Life ! a vision bright,  
That opens fair, but ends in night,

An up-hill, breathless race with pain,  
That pleasure tries in vain to gain.  
Life is at best a dubious way,  
Where all must on, but none can stay.

Then make the most of thy short hour,  
Too soon the bloom fades from the flower—  
Thy blessings hoard, thy mercies prize,  
Thy griefs forget, repress thy sighs,  
Take up the staff, which God hath given,  
To bear thee on thy road to Heaven—  
By resignation to His will,  
Thy mission wilt thou best fulfil.

---

THE OFFER.

SAID a Bird to a Flower in sunny bower,  
“How happier far am I,  
Than you who must stay in the shade all day,  
To wither, droop, fade and die ;  
I wander at will, o’er dale and hill,  
I skim the purple sea,  
I soar on my wing to Heaven, and sing  
My wood-notes wild and free.

I drink my fill at each sparkling rill,  
I live on dainties rare,  
And at night I rest in my downy nest,  
And watch the starry sphere ;  
And when morning breaks, and each bird awakes,  
I, from my leafy cell,  
Rise on the air with my pinions rare,  
To the Heaven where angels dwell.

Oh ! mine is a life with joyousness rife,  
Each hour doth bring delight,  
I know not a care in this world so fair,  
So full of rainbow light ;  
And I wish, poor Flower, from your lonely bower,  
That you could away with me—  
We'd wander afar, and visit each star  
That lights up the dark blue sea."

"Much," said the Flower, "as you scorn my bower,  
I would not change its shade  
For your restless life, in a world of strife,  
Where dreams the brightest fade—  
Where hopes that are born of sunniest morn,  
Die ere the evening's close—  
Where grief doth alloy, and sin doth destroy,  
The fairest flower that blows.

You sail, it's true, o'er the waters blue,  
You wander far and near,  
But a sudden blow from an unseen foe  
Will check your swift career ;  
Whilst I in the shade of my leafy glade  
Am free from care or pain,  
And shall bloom till the earth which gave me birth  
Receiveth me back again."

---

## THE SISTERS.

WRITTEN ON A PICTURE PAINTED BY F. A. GRANT, R.A.

Of all the affections we cherish on earth,  
Oh ! none are there sweeter to view,  
Than the sight of two beings entwined from their birth,  
In links both as fond as they're true.

Aye, talk of your Hermas and Helenas past,  
Of the love that two young hearts inspire—  
But a Sister's affection shall live to the last,  
Shall live when all others expire.

For the name and the feeling are holy and true,  
They have part in the Heaven above,  
And the heart feels instinctively, gazing on you,  
That it rests on these emblems of love.

Aye ! sweet emblems of love they shall firmly remain,  
Thro' the seasons of youth and of age,  
And not e'en a shadow of sorrow or pain  
Shall fall on their life's glowing page.'

No ! no ! like the flowers that spring at their feet,  
Again shall they bloom when they die ;  
Like the rose, which retains its lov'd odour so sweet,  
Tho' wither'd its beauties may lie.

Thustheir love, like their virtues, shall bloom to the last,  
And outlive each perishing charm ;  
It shall sweeten the present and hallow the past,  
And death of its terrors disarm.

---

LINES WRITTEN ON GATHERING A BUNCH OF  
WILD FLOWERS, IN THE GREAT PARK OF  
ARUNDEL CASTLE, AUGUST 27th, 1848.

SWEET flowers, ye bring me back again  
The hours that long have sped ;  
Like sunbeams ere the light doth wane,  
Ye tell of glories fled,  
Ye seem to bring, as by a spell,  
Old haunts before my brain—  
The home which once I lov'd so well,  
Returns to life again.

Ye bring me back the shady bowers,  
Ye bring me back the streams,  
Ye conjure up my sunny hours,  
My gay and smiling dreams,  
Before the hand of grief or woe  
Had dimm'd my laughing eye,  
Or ere this callous world below  
Had rais'd the bitter sigh.

Ye give me back, in whispering words,  
My childhood and my flowers;  
Ye give me back the happy birds  
That chim'd my matin hours.  
Ye give me back the violets blue,  
The lilies spotless white,  
But can ye give the hearts so true  
That form'd my chief delight?

No! they are scatter'd far and wide,  
The ocean rolls between,  
And some, alas! whate'er betide,  
Will never more be seen.  
But still ye send a rush of joy  
Across my heart so cold,  
For memory's dreams without alloy,  
Are worth their weight in gold.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE LATE DR. MANTELL,  
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS PRESENTING THE  
AUTHORESS WITH A COPY OF HIS WORKS.

OH say did the waters so blue,  
In receding from off this lone shore,  
Leave this pebble, so simple in hue,  
That we pass and regard it no more ?

Yes ! a pebble how many we see,  
And push them unheeded aside,  
Nor stop to consider they really may be  
More useful than we in our pride.

For a stone may perchance, in its time,  
Have prov'd both of valour and worth,  
Whether dug from the depths of the mine,  
Or wash'd by the ocean on earth.

Perhaps it assisted, tho' humble it seems,  
In raising yon castle so high,  
Where many a maiden indulg'd in the dreams  
That end but at last in a sigh.



Or it might have illumin'd the abbey so grey,  
That skirted yon flowering wood,  
Tho' both are, alas ! now gone to decay,  
And have left but a trace where they stood.

Still its merits might long have unheeded remain'd  
Deep buried beneath in the sod,  
Hadst thou not been prompted its worth to explain,  
And set forth the glories of God.

For the book of creation was open to man,  
But none had the thought or the will  
To read in its pages the infinite plan,  
Which thou hast explain'd with such skill.

Yes ! to thee are indebted the children of earth,  
For ages and ages to come ;  
And thy name, like a watchword for talent and worth,  
Shall be handed from sire to son.

Nor shall the reward or its bliss be confin'd  
To the world and its shadows alone,  
But be echo'd above, when thy soul is resign'd  
To angels who welcome thee home.

## THE CHOLERA.\*

A VOICE has gone straight through the land,  
From millions a terrible cry ;  
At the altars of heaven they kneel in a band,  
To supplicate mercy from high.

And I thought, as I knelt with the rest,  
A mist seem'd to dazzle mine eyes,  
In a trance for a moment I seem'd to be blest,  
As I list to a voice from the skies.

Like the voice of an angel it sounded,  
So sweet and so still in mine ear,  
And my heart as with rapture it bounded,  
Caught each accent distinctly and clear.

“ While pestilence stalks through the land,  
And famine works sadly and sure,  
Have you, mortal, put forward your hand,  
And reliev'd by your bounty the poor ?

Have you thought of the many that die,  
And perish from hunger alone ?—  
Of the thousands that suffer unsooth'd by a sigh,  
Whose miseries never are known,

\* Written in 1840

Save to God, in His mercy on high,  
To God, who looks down from above,  
And watches in anger the poor as they die,  
Unsolac'd by pity or love?

The beggar that stood in the street,  
And wail'd forth his piteous tale,  
Have you never denounc'd as a cheat,  
That made of his troubles a sale?

Or thought you yon shivering form,  
As houseless and wretched he stood,  
Felt not in his bosom the scorn  
Which he daily receiv'd as his food?

Or have you with power and might,  
Follow'd home to their last sad retreat,  
The poor to their refuge at night,  
And seen there the treatment they meet?

Have you seen them as huddled they lie,  
Yet parted from all they hold dear?  
For in Unions no parent can lavish a sigh,  
Or exchange with their partner a sigh.

And think you these terrible things  
Have not risen to God in a cloud,

And caus'd Him to shew, in destruction's dark wing,  
His wrath at the sins of the proud?"

He ceas'd, and the vision was fled,  
In a moment it pass'd from mine eyes,  
And humbly I bent down my head,  
And lifted my voice to the skies.

Yes, Poverty! deep are your pangs,  
Yes, Poverty! sad is your cry—  
Who would not, to escape from your fangs,  
Spread their wings towards heaven and fly?

Thus the scourge that so sadly appals  
The rich in their might and their pride,  
That enters unseen in their halls,  
And scatters them forth like a tide,

To the poor brings a sense of repose,  
A feeling of joy and of love,  
For to them it brings life to a close—  
It's the lamp that's to light them above.

Yes, by angels in triumph they're borne,  
In Abraham's bosom to rest;  
If their night has been dark, they awake to a morn  
That for ever and ever is blest.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CLOISTERS OF  
CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

CLOISTERS! I love thy shadows' gloom,  
I love beneath thy shades to roam,  
To muse o'er days and glories fled,  
O'er forms long mingled with the dead,  
And by the aid of fancy's power,  
Bring back the visions of an hour.

I people each dark lofty aisle  
With forms that long have ceas'd to smile—  
I see the bright, the young, the gay,  
See knights and ladies lead the way,  
And note them at thy altar stand,  
The proud and lovely of the land.

And thus, as with a magic spell,  
I list, as each their tale doth tell,  
Of deeds of valour, cities taken,  
Of broken vows and faith forsaken,  
Or else, as yonder tomb implies,  
A tale of love that never dies.\*

\* The tomb of Richard Fitzallan, the fourteenth Earl of Arundel, and his Countess. They are represented lying in a

Sudden the organ's swelling sound  
Destroys the dream : I gaze around,  
Thy stately walls are still the same,  
But fled are all the forms that came ;  
And I once more awake, to find  
Them but a phantom of the mind.

Yes ! many an age has pass'd away,  
And seen those kindred souls decay—  
From youth to age, to manhood's prime,  
Each soul but lived his span of time ;  
And now beneath thy shades they rest,  
Till heaven's archangel wakes the blest.

And I, like them, must pass away,  
And sleep beneath some cloister gray ;  
But could I choose my last long home,  
It should be 'neath thy lofty dome ;  
That night and morn, like nature's pall  
To shield my grave, its shade might fall.

recumbent posture, her small hand fondly clasped in his mailed one. The conception is beautiful, and well carried out ; however, it greatly owes its present charms to the skill and taste of E. Richardson, Esq., who restored it to its original state in 1843.

That leads to those eternal realms  
Where saints for ever pray,  
Where heavenly seraphs strike their harps,  
A never-dying sound ;  
In that bless'd place, for Jesu's sake,  
May I with bliss be crown'd.

---

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE CITIZENS OF MILAN,  
ON THEIR BREAKING THE AUSTRIAN YOKE.

HAIL to thee, Milan ! immortal and brave,  
Hail to thy castles and towers ;  
The tyrants are fled, and liberty's tree  
Has put forth the sweetest of flowers.

Hail to ye, sons of a freedom new born,  
Long, long may the tricolour wave  
Proud o'er thy gates, like the bright star of morn,  
The emblem of all that is brave.

Long had ye pin'd 'neath the Austrian's yoke,  
In fetters thou could'st not unbind,  
But in that moment that freedom awoke—  
Ye scatter'd his chains to the wind.

Never again may the links be united,  
Which freemen asunder have burst—  
Never may liberty's blossoms be blighted,  
Which in fetters thy children have nurst.

May the efforts of those so noble and true,  
Be remember'd when tyranny's fled ;  
And oh ! may thy sons with fervour renew  
Their praises and prayers for the dead.

For blest is the life the freeman doth give,  
Defending his kindred and home,  
And the blood he then sheds for ever will live,  
And light up with glory his doom.

---

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF MISS  
PENNANT, OF DOWNING, IN THE EXHIBITION  
OF 1846.

FAIR daughter of a lovely race,  
Whose charms are stamp'd upon thy face ;  
Thy coral lip, thine eye of blue,  
The glance that speaks the heart so true,  
Must certainly, beyond compare,  
Rank thee the fairest of the fair.



But yet, 'tis not the golden hair,  
That's parted o'er thy forehead fair ;  
'Tis not the cheek, whose radiant dye  
Adds lustre to thine azure eye ;  
Nor yet the soft and graceful form,  
That doth the painting most adorn.

No ! 'tis the air of sweet repose  
That o'er the face such beauty throws :  
It is the look devoid of art,  
That leaves its memory on the heart,  
And makes one wish, but wish in vain,  
We might return, and gaze again.

Then may thou tread life's thorny way,  
Without a cloud to mar thy day ;  
May all thy hours be serene,  
Thy path be like a sunlit dream ;  
Till melting soft from earth away,  
In heaven thou'lt bloom in endless day.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE TAGUS, AS IT SAILED  
OUT OF SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS, AUGUST 15,  
1850.

ADIEU ! thou gallant ship, adieu,  
Thy hardy band farewell,  
Go forth upon the waters blue,  
And brave the ocean's swell.

Go forth upon the mighty main,  
Go forth, in all thy pride,  
Go, spread Old England's wealth and fame,  
Across the foaming tide.

For, far as eye can trace,  
Where'er the billows rise,  
Throughout the ocean's boundless space,  
The British banner flies.

Old Tagus at thy prow,  
Points proudly to the wave,  
"Behold," he cries, "to me you bow,  
The Guardian of the brave."

Then go, thou gallant vessel, go,  
May prospering winds attend,  
May angels watch, and guard from woe,  
Thy passage to the end.

May He, who rules the deep  
As easy as the land,  
Who holds the waters in a heap  
Within His mighty hand—

May He look down on thee,  
And smooth thy watery way,  
That thou may find thy path as free  
As it hath been to day.

---

## TO MY BELOVED MOTHER.

## THE PEERLESS ; A MELODY.

THE bloom on the flower,  
The blush on the rose,  
Is not sweeter than thee,  
Or thy cheek as it glows.

The stars that shine o'er thee,  
So brilliant and bright,  
Are dim, to thine eyes,  
In their radiant light.

The snow on the mountain,  
The lilies in the vale,  
The moon in her crescent,  
So pure and so pale—  
Are not purer or sweeter,  
Or fairer than thee,  
Thee whom the world worships,  
Wherever it be.

Yet it is not thy beauty,  
Nor glorious grace,  
Oh no! 'tis the feeling  
That dwells in thy face,  
That illumines each feature,  
As the sun doth the flower,  
And makes us feel spell-bound  
To thee in thy power.

And when age shall have wither'd  
Each beauty and grace,

D

Still, still, the reflection  
Shall light up thy face;  
For the light of the soul  
Beams through every stage,  
And the charms of thy youth  
Shall continue in age.

---

LINES, WRITTEN IMPROMPTU ON SOME HARE-  
BELLS, GATHERED NEAR THE LAKE AT COOL-  
HURST, IN SUSSEX, THE SEAT OF CAPTAIN  
AND THE RT. HON. LADY ELIZABETH DICKENS.

FROM a shady nook  
By a silent brook,  
I stole these flow'rets blue,  
But they might have died,  
In their virgin pride,  
Had they been less fair of hue.

But I espied them there,  
In their beauty rare,  
And I seized the glittering prize,

And no more they'll fade,  
Like a lovelorn maid,  
'Neath summer and winter skies.

For with feminine skill,  
And a pen at will,  
Their beauty I did restore,  
In my Book of Flowers \*  
They'll pass their hours,  
And wither and fade no more.

---

REFLECTIONS IN SICKNESS.

WHILE stretch'd on the couch of disease and of pain,  
I recall'd all the acts of my life back again,  
And sigh'd o'er the follies which once, in my pride,  
I thought all the world must give way to beside.

I sigh'd, as I thought of the hours long fled,  
When this world seem'd an Eden, expressly to tread,  
While each passing hour was fraught with delight,  
And no vision of sorrow e'er darken'd my sight.

\* I copied them into my Floral.

But soon those bright hours they faded away,  
And a long night of sadness succeeded the day ;  
That day which had burst with such glory and power,  
Now had pass'd like the perishing bloom on the flower.

For death stood at my side, in his mantle of gloom,  
And pointed his cold icy dart to the tomb ;  
But I look'd beyond to a vista of light,  
And the glories of heaven stood open to sight.

I saw the dear Saviour to whom I was kneeling,  
With a countenance full of compassion and feeling ;  
While a voice like an angel's sounded close to my side,  
“ Was it not for to save thee, I suffer'd and died ? ”

Yes, suffer'd the bitterest death that was known,  
On purpose to make all our sorrows His own ;  
And pleads to His Father, in heaven above,  
To look down on our frailties with pity and love.

Then why should I grieve, if from earth I must fly,  
Or think it a pain, or a sorrow to die ?  
For though death seems the portal that leads to the  
tomb,  
Heaven is the reward when I wake from its gloom.

## HYMN.

SAVIOUR, in that happy land  
Where the blessed martyrs stand,  
Where the saints for ever raise  
Hymns of glory, love and praise—

Where the skies are ever blue,  
Where the hearts are ever true,  
Where no dark dissensions rise  
To bend the form or dim the eyes—

Where the flowers for ever bloom,  
That spring from out the Christian's tomb,  
Flowers transplanted from this earth  
To the spot that gave them birth—

In that land, so bright and fair,  
In that land remote from care,  
In that land for ever blest,  
May I gain eternal rest.



LINES WRITTEN IN THE NAVE OF WINCHESTER  
CATHEDRAL, JUNE 19, 1850.

Oh sacred pile, time-hallow'd walls, thou dost my  
soul inspire,  
I muse beneath each mighty arch, then wonder and  
admire ;  
I tread with reverence the spot where kings knelt  
side by side,  
Whilst visions of departed years before me seem to  
glide.

Oh where are all the mighty dead, that plann'd this  
vast design ?  
Ages on ages long have sped, but thou out-bafflest time.  
Perhaps they calmly sleep beneath the shrine they've  
rais'd so fair,  
Or, if departed spirits may, keep watch and sentry  
there.

If so, full many a sight they've seen, full many a  
pageant grand,  
For in these walls, at times there knelt the mightiest  
in the land ;

And mitred bishops smil'd to see kings give up  
 earthly fame,  
 And barefoot tread these cloister'd aisles, in penance  
 for their shame.

And I seem'd wrapt as in a dream, a dream too sweet  
 to last,  
 But in that vision back there came, long memories of  
 the past ;  
 And kings and queens, and mailed knights, in quick  
 succession rose,  
 And came before my dazzl'd sight, like sunlight when  
 it glows.

Queen Maud, with all her stately train, was praying  
 sadly there,  
 She pray'd that God would guard the weak, and hear  
 the orphan's prayer ;  
 Her youthful son was by her side, and echo'd back  
 the cry,  
 That God would let him justly live, or let him bravely  
 die.

Again the stately nave was fill'd with pleasures pass'd  
away—

Queen Mary, in her bridal pomp, seem'd fresh as  
yesterday ;

I saw her at the altar kneel, saw Philip take her hand,  
And heard the words that caus'd the woe to Eng-  
land's hapless land.

But soon these glories died away, and left me stand-  
ing there,

While all around, like vestal pure, seem'd coldly  
chaste and fair.

I look'd to right, and look'd to left, no human form  
but mine

Was standing 'neath thy mighty arch, or knelt before  
its shrine.

And thus I mused—Ye still shall be, till time hath  
pass'd away,

A grand memorial of our sires, whose skill can ne'er  
decay ;

This mighty fane shall still remain, to stop the gazer's  
breath,

When I, like them, have pass'd away, and calmly rest  
in death.

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE INFANT DAUGHTER  
OF LORD AND LADY ASHLEY, 1847.

SWEET Babe ! I gaze with deep delight  
Upon that cherub face ;  
No trace of care, no touch of thought,  
Has marr'd its spotless grace.

Thy brow is like a summer lake,  
So calmly pure and even,  
Thine eye, in its reflected light,  
Might raise our thoughts to heaven.

For resting in thy tiny cot,  
The image of repose,  
Thy dimpled cheek might put to blush  
The fairest flower that blows.

Then, fairy babe, if e'er a prayer  
Shall waft to God on high,  
I'll pray that not a tear shall dim  
The brightness of thine eye ;

That life may prove a sunny tide  
Whereon thy bark may swim,  
As gently as that cradle bower  
Thou art reposing in.

## EDITH ; OR, A WOMAN'S LOVE.\*

## A FRAGMENT.

ONE look at parting and at meeting,  
A fond farewell, and fonder greeting,  
A glance of love, a half-breath'd sigh,  
A strange bright thought within the eye,  
Was all she lived on day by day,  
But yet it serv'd to light the way,  
Through many dark and dreary years,  
Unsear'd by woes, undimm'd by tears ;  
For neither cares nor tears had power  
To quench her love one single hour,  
And e'en when joy and hope took flight,  
That love sustain'd her with its light.  
It was the essence of her soul,  
Too firmly fixed to brook control ;  
It could not die, it could not falter,  
'Twas past the power of man to alter ;  
It lived unchanging and undying,  
Amid the wrecks around it lying,

\* I have painted in these few lines the love that Edith bore Harold.

And e'en when death had struck its dart,  
It lay deep buried in her heart.

Thus was her life, and such her share,  
Sad portion, of the young and fair.  
She loved ! oh in that word so cold,  
How much of misery is told !  
It neither brought her joy nor peace,  
But yet with life it did not cease—  
Ah ! no ! it soared to realms above,  
To regions of eternal love.  
For love's a flower that will not bloom,  
Long buried in an earthly tomb ;  
For though on earth it takes its root,  
'Tis not on earth it bears its fruit.  
No, here it cankers, fades, and dies ;  
Yes, dies on earth, in heaven to rise,  
And find within its proper sphere,  
The peace it vainly sought for here.

---

THE LAST DAYS OF HUNGARY.

HUNGARY ! thy glory is seal'd,  
Thy freedom for ever is fled,

The heart of the tyrant against thee is steel'd,  
Thou art passed like the things that are dead.

Thy heroes to exile are gone,  
Thy country is delug'd with gore,  
Thy sons and thy daughters in solitude mourn  
O'er the land as it flourish'd of yore—

When freedom her banners unfurl'd,  
And waved from each castle and tower,  
When little thou dreamt they would ever be curl'd,  
Or bent to the Austrian power—

When thy hopes were as fair and as bright  
As the sun that shines o'er thee in glory,  
When thy name was a watchword for valour in fight,  
A motto for honour in story.

And will Europe stand idly by,  
And leave thee to despots a prey?—  
Will she turn a deaf ear to thy struggling sigh,  
Nor hark to thy sons as they pray?

Is the spirit of chivalry fled,  
When each knight would have sprung to his steed,  
And waving his battle-axe high o'er his head,  
Have rushed forth in the hour of need—

To have rescued thy land from the foe,  
Thy women from demons not men,  
And have made the base tyrant with sorrow and woe  
Crouch back, like the wolf to his den?

Oh ! has every good feeling departed,—  
Is religion and mercy forgot?  
Has Europe indeed grown so cold and hard-hearted,  
That thy sorrows have moved her not?

“ No ! no ! ” cries a voice from our isles,  
From our happy, our freedom-blest shore,  
“ We’ll receive the poor exiles with friendship and  
smiles,  
We’ll stand forth, like our sires of yore.

“ Unworthy should we be to breathe  
In a land that is liberty’s own,  
If we did not step forward thy wrongs to retrieve,  
And uphold the just rights of thy throne.”

And say has the pledge been fulfill’d,  
By our sons of the brave and the free?—  
Have they welcom’d the exiles, with ardour unchill’d,  
When forc’d by their tyrants to flee?



Oh ! yes ! from the cot to the throne,  
One spirit pervaded the land,  
Like brothers, old England her friendship has shown  
To thy noble, thy ill-fated band.

And should ever thy sun that is set,  
Rise again in its glory and power,  
Thou wilt not forget the reception thou met,  
In adversity's bitterest hour.

Ah ! no ! for enshrin'd in thy heart,  
The fond recollection will live,  
That we took from thy sorrows the heaviest smart  
That the hand of misfortune could give.

---

LEWES CASTLE.

LEWES, thy castle's like a shrine,  
Where pilgrims lowly bend,  
To teach the fading sons of time  
That every thing must end.

One ivied arch alone remains  
Of all its power and state,  
And smiling o'er its native plains,  
Defies the hand of fate.

Yet still to me 'tis holy ground,  
Each ruin lone and gray ;  
They tell, as with a magic sound,  
Of glories past away,

When good King Henry, it is said,  
Gaz'd from each stately tower,  
And bent his meek and lowly head  
To proud De Monford's power.

But now Gundreda's bowers are gone,  
Hush'd are the castle halls ;  
Fled is the welcome, bright and warm,  
That once made glad its walls.

No gallant knights in proud array,  
With spear and waving crest,  
Now issue from its arches gray,  
To lay their lance in rest ;

Nor ladies on their palfrey steeds,  
With glove and hawk on hand,  
Ride forth at morn, o'er flowery meads,  
A fair and lovely band.

No ! short's the reign of man on earth,  
And shorter still his power :

It lies between his grave and birth,  
And fadeth every hour.

Tho' home and lands must pass away,  
His deeds alone remain,—  
A name that's pure will not decay,  
But bear a deathless fame.

---

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE OCEAN, WHILST  
WALKING AT SOUTHSEA.

*Dedicated to Lord Frederick Fitzclarence.*

DEAR Ocean! I've wander'd by many a strand,  
Where the waters encircle my own native land,  
But never before, and perhaps ne'er again,  
Shall I view such a spot as this emerald plain.

For here are combin'd, with a magical art,  
All the beauties that nature and taste can impart ;  
And I doubt, if in threading the green island round,  
For proud recollections, its fellow is found.

For the ground that I tread on is hallow'd in story,  
By the foot of the chieftain\* who fell in his glory,

\* Nelson.

But who here breath'd adieu, ere he sail'd o'er the  
wave,

To find in the arms of the Victory a grave.

And again it was blest, in the annals of fame,  
For the Hero of Waterloo stood on the plain,  
Ere his conquering arm brought the war to a close,  
And gave unto Europe a lasting repose.

And, Ocean, if souls are permitted to know,  
In the regions of bliss, what is passing below,  
Will not many look down on this charming parade,  
And note with delight the improvement that's made?

For though the fair island\* untouch'd doth remain,  
And the guns of Old England are pointed the same,  
This fair esplanade, in which all must delight,  
Will rise to their eyes like a vision of light.

Then blest be the man who with patience and care  
Laid out the fair plan, and then brought it to bear ;  
And blest, doubly blest, be the goodness of heart,  
Who, with liberal zeal, could such pleasures impart.

\* Isle of Wight.

E

Yes ! thousands shall thank him for what he has done,  
And say that the sire shines forth in the son :  
And while gratitude dwells in the hearts of the free,  
The name of Fitzclarence remember'd shall be.

---

TO LORD DUDLEY STUART,

THE FRIEND OF POLAND,

*This Poem,*

ON THE ANNEXATION OF CRACOW TO THE  
AUSTRIAN DOMINIONS,

*Is, by his Lordship's permission, most gratefully Dedicated by the AUTHORESS.*

POLAND, thy name is no more,  
Thy sorrows can never be heal'd ;  
Thy last sigh of freedom is o'er,  
And thy fate upon earth is now seal'd.

For thy kingdom is parted away,  
Where a Stanislaus reign'd in his glory,  
And nations unborn, in long ages to come,  
Shall weep o'er thy desolate story.

---

They shall tell how the kings of the earth  
Rose and stretch'd forth a merciless hand,  
And, trampling on honour and worth,  
Made slaves of both thee and thy land.

For the patriot's arm was in vain,  
When oppos'd to the power of gold ;  
Their blood it might flow like the rain,  
Their sword might be steady and bold :

But Russia and Austria combin'd,  
Rose like giants whom might had array'd ;  
They shiver'd the sword in the wind,  
And their life was the penalty paid.

And Cracow, the last dying flame  
Of freedom, has burnt out at last ;  
And Poland, and liberty's name,  
Live now but as dreams of the past.

But tremble, thou spoilers of earth,  
When God's final trumpet shall sound,  
And the archangel's fiat goes forth,  
To number the nations around—

Then Poland shall not be forgot,  
She shall rise like a phoenix from fire,  
And the sorrows that now are her lot,  
In the blood of her foes shall expire.

For a terrible vengeance shall fall  
On those that have traml'd her down ;  
Who, deaf to humanity's call,  
Despoil'd her of kingdom and crown.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF MY ONLY BROTHER, WHO,  
TO THE ETERNAL SORROW OF HIS FAMILY,  
WAS UNFORTUNATELY DROWNED, SEPTEMBER 9, 1838.

Oh ! snatch'd away when life was new,  
And hope was springing bright and true ;  
Oh ! snatch'd away in earliest bloom,  
My brother sleeps within the tomb.

Brief was his span of life below,  
But free alike from care or woe ;  
His joyous spirit, form'd for mirth,  
Soar'd far above this lower earth.

Yes, he was Genius' favourite child,  
She stamp'd him with her impress wild,  
And, fearing earth might slight the prize,  
Translated him to ethereal skies.

So when he sank beneath the wave,  
And ocean prov'd his early grave,  
While bending o'er his form in grief,  
His mother's heart refus'd relief.

She knew not why her cherish'd son  
Was gather'd ere his race was run,  
Before his pure and noble soul  
Was sullied by the world's control :—

She knew it not, she felt it not,  
She only felt her own sad lot,  
Till angels whisper'd peace and love,  
And told her of his joys above :—

That having left this vale of woe,  
To dwell where flowers for ever blow,  
His kindred spirits came from high,  
To waft him to his native sky.



And there he reigns an angel bright,  
Enthron'd within those realms of light ;  
And that blest thought shall dry the tear  
That flows through many a lengthen'd year.

---

## NAPOLEON.

SAY, shall I dip my pen in fire,  
To paint the hero I admire ?  
To paint the towering strength of soul,  
That bow'd the world to its control ;  
Or paint the free unfetter'd mind,  
That e'en a prison could not bind.

Star of the earth, from whence thou sprung,  
Whose prowess dwells on every tongue ;  
Star of the mighty ! in whose grave  
Lies all that's valiant, great and brave ;  
A thousand years may pass in vain,  
Ere such a star shall shine again.

When the lone Isle that gave thee birth,  
Saw thee the conqueror of the earth,  
And watch'd her son to conquest ride,  
Buoyant with hope, elate with pride ;

From mountain side to forest glen,  
Thy name resounded back again.

And shall those glories pass away,  
Like night before the coming day ?  
Shall name and lineage be forgot,  
The trophies of thy brilliant lot ?  
And e'en the coward dare to raise  
His puny voice to blast thy praise ?

No ! 'tis a name that cannot die,  
Though time on rapid pinions fly ;  
Fame blew her trumpet far and near,  
To waft her favourite son's career ;  
From northern shore to torrid zone  
She made thy name and conquests known.

And though on high it was ordain'd  
That thou should lose whate'er thou gain'd,  
And die a captive sad and lone,  
Bereft of kingdom and of throne,  
To show that fame, nor rank, nor power  
Avails man in his dying hour —

They could not bring thy child to thee,  
To soothe its father's misery ;

They could not bring thy wife to stand  
Beside thy bed, to clasp thy hand,  
To bathe thy brow with woman's care,  
And catch each sigh and parting prayer.

No! none but strangers watch'd thy bed,  
And raised the requiem for the dead,  
And laid thee in the silent grave,  
Encircled by the sea-girt wave :  
As one lone isle had given thee birth,  
Another clasp'd thee in her earth.

And there, until the final doom,  
Thou might have rested in the tomb,  
Had not thy self-adopted land  
Sent forth her children in a band,  
To bring thee back to France again,  
And raise an altar to thy fame.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER.

If warm affections, if an honest heart,  
Where truth and honour form'd an equal part—  
If upright dealings, purity of soul,  
Untouch'd, untainted by the world's control—

If these find favour in a Saviour's love,  
Then is thy spirit blest in realms above.

If kindest speech, devoid of art or guile,  
Where none found fraud beneath thy open smile ;  
Less willing to accept than quick to lend,  
Who ne'er made money on a ruin'd friend,  
Nor spoil'd the widow or the orphan's share,  
But held them sacred as a prophet's prayer.

Oh yes ! my father, when I strive to see,  
And grace my pages with a sketch of thee,  
How all thy simple virtues rise to view,  
And crowd my memory when I think of you—  
And thinking, try to paint them as they stand ;  
How sweet the task, how quick my willing hand.

And though some mortal failings did efface  
The bright perfections which I love to trace,  
Yet weigh'd against the virtues of thy mind,  
They're like a feather balanced by the wind,  
That sports a moment in the azure air,  
But leaves no trace to mark its dwelling there.

No trace remains—thy virtues bear the palm,  
And hover o'er my path, a sacred charm.

Proud of the honest name bequeath'd by thee,  
God grant me grace to keep it pure and free ;  
Unstain'd, untainted, may I live to rise,  
And meet thee joyful in the ethereal skies.

---

## CHATSWORTH.

CHATSWORTH ! my pen can faintly tell  
The thousand charms that round thee dwell ;  
Thy waving woods, thy forests wide,  
Where murmuring cascades swell the tide  
Of many a bright and glittering stream  
That shine in heaven's reflected beam.

And was it from a woman's hand,  
Thou rose to grace our English land ?  
With all thy proud and stately towers,  
Thy princely halls and lady's bowers,  
Thy fairy grotts, thy gardens wide,  
Where Flora reigns in matchless pride.

Yes, exile sweet from many a land,  
The flowers spring forth a blooming band,  
Transplanted from their native earth,  
They glory in their second birth,  
And shed their fragrance o'er the scene,  
As grateful for their bowers of green.

And though my pen can fainter still,  
Trace him who both has power and will  
To spread thy glories, raise thy fame,  
And teach thee that thy brightest claim  
Lies in the feeling heart and hand  
That welcomes all throughout the land.

Yes, welcomes with a generous heart  
The sons of genius and of art,  
And opens wide his gates to those  
Who from their talents nobly rose,  
To grace the land that proudly claims  
The birthright of their hallow'd names.

Yes, Chatsworth ! that's the wizard spell,  
That makes thee more than pen can tell ;  
Though noble are thy stately towers,  
Though brilliant are thy matchless flowers,  
Though art and nature mingling sweet,  
Might make thy halls a magic seat—  
Without thy master's hand and heart,  
Chatsworth ! thy fame would soon depart.

Lines to the Memory of Frederick Albert  
Loinsworth, Late Inspector General  
of Her Majesty's Medical Staff in  
India.\*

Oh sad was your fate, in a far distant land,  
To die ere the moment of meeting ;  
When all that you lov'd left their own native strand,  
Impatient to give you the greeting.

Yes ! far from the land of your birth,  
From all you held holy and dear,  
From the scenes that you cherish'd on earth,  
From the friends that could comfort and cheer.

No wife of your bosom to pray,  
No children to sooth your last hour ;  
Your sun it went down in the day,  
Cut off in its glory and power.

\* The melancholy circumstance that gave rise to the foregoing lines originated in my uncle being separated six years from his wife and family. They landed in India four weeks after his death.

Oh ! cruel the cold hand of death,  
Not to grant you a few weeks' delay,  
But to bear off your trembling breath,  
While yet they were winging their way.  
Yes ! winging their flight like a bird,  
They came to find nought but your grave ;  
To feel that their prayers were not heard,  
For they had not the power to save.  
Nor lengthen'd your life till they came,  
Were it only to bless them and die ;  
Their journey would not have been vain,  
Could they but have receiv'd your last sigh.

---

LINES WRITTEN ON ACCIDENTALLY VIEWING  
A SERIES OF PICTURES ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
WROXTON ABBEY.

WROXTON ! in gazing on thy walls,  
In noting down thy stately halls,  
I feel inspir'd to seek the muse,  
Thy ancient glories to peruse ;  
And in each gabled roof and tower,  
Eke out the story of an hour ;



And make the artist's magic skill  
Subservient to my power and will.

I view, as with prophetic eye,  
Old scenes of grandeur gliding by ;  
When kings sought low within thy shade,  
A shelter from the world's parade,  
And many a knight and baron bold  
Laid down their pride and earthly gold,  
To find within thy quiet arms  
A refuge from the world's alarms.

And when thy holy tenants fled,  
Their sacred calling past and dead,  
Still, Wroxton ! thou threw wide thy gate  
To kings, but kings in sovereign state ;  
And saw, instead of monkish pride,  
Bright scenes of social joy abide ;  
Whilst silvery laugh from lady's bower,  
Broke lightly on the passing hour.

But yet, in spite of joy and glee,  
A hallow'd shade thou seem'st to me ;  
Each storied arch, each shadowy nook,  
Our modern fancies ill could brook,

As in thy halls of quaint design,  
Lov'd relics of the olden time,  
The genius of the ancient place  
Recounts the glories of her race.

She tells of all that's gone before,  
She looks beyond, and prays for more—  
She notes the heir of all her pride,  
From morning's blush till evening tide :  
She watches with a guardian care,  
The boy so bright, so young, and fair,  
And calls on every saint above,  
To aid her in her task of love.

And can, oh can she call in vain  
On heaven, to guard her charge from pain ?  
Oh no ! his parent's virtues rise,  
In grateful incense to the skies,  
And plead before the throne of Him,  
In whom was neither guile nor sin,  
To make this boy, of ceaseless prayer,  
Worthy his guardian angel's care.

## LIBERTY.

OH Liberty ! oh glorious theme,  
The freeman's hope, the poet's dream,—  
How deep, how strong thy spell !  
Say in what region of delight,  
What Eden hid from mortal sight,  
Dost thou delight to dwell ?

For not upon this lower earth,  
Though many feel and own thy worth,  
Is found thy resting spot :  
We only catch thy shadows here,  
We've nought besides thy name to cheer  
Our solitary lot.

And oft that sacred name is made,  
Ambition's schemes to shield and aid,  
The tyrant's last resource ;  
He calls thee in the freeman's name,  
Awakes thy soul by words of flame,  
Then puts thee down by force.

The soldier on the battle field,  
The martyrs on the scaffold yield,

Their spirits pure and free ;  
They feel that death has lost its sting,  
Feel nought but triumph while they sing  
Their dying chaunts to thee.

Yes ! Liberty, thou dost inspire  
A holy charm, a sacred fire,  
In every freeman's breast ;  
Oh ! may that spirit never die,  
May tyrants and their minions fly  
Before thy glittering crest.

Then, Britons, though we cannot tell  
In what bright spot the saint may dwell,  
We'll pray her influence here ;  
And while upon our seagirt isle  
She deigns to shed her radiant smile,  
What need have we to fear ?

Not foreign foes, it would be vain :  
For Albion's sons would tell them plain,  
That, when they cross'd the wave,  
There's not upon our native ground  
One spot of land that could be found,  
To yield them e'en a grave.

F

No, from ourselves the fault will spring,  
If Discord flap her darkest wing,  
And Christian virtues cease ;  
For Liberty will never fly,  
While we uphold her altars high,  
In unity and peace.

---

LINES COMPOSED ON THE CELEBRATION OF  
THE DOMUM AT WINCHESTER.

DOMUM ! Domum ! Dulce Domum !  
Memory long shall hold you dear ;  
Although other lands I roam in,  
Oft you'll steal upon mine ear.

Whether I seek festal halls,  
Or tread alone the forest glade ;  
Wheresoe'er my duty calls,  
From my heart you ne'er shall fade.

For on Fancy's bank I'll draw,  
Bid her wave her wand around,  
And the glittering scene once more  
Soon my senses will surround.

Fairy forms with star-lit eyes,  
Hearts that never dreamt of care,  
Like bands of wandering fays will rise,  
Or spirits from the upper air.

And St. Mary's stately towers  
Shall glad once more my inner sight,  
Whilst music, soft as summer showers,  
Shall back recall the Domum night.

Yet, though a strain that tells of pleasure,  
It, alas! speaks more of woe,  
For the heart that fram'd the measure  
Felt the bitterest grief below.\*

Ye, who revel in the bliss  
That a parent's love bestows,  
Ye, who've felt affection's kiss,  
Ye can never guess his woes.

\* The origin of the celebrated Dulce Domum, of Winchester School, is wrapt in mystery. Tradition, however, asserts it to have been composed by a boy, who, being an orphan, and left alone during the long vacations, took it so to heart, that he cut the words upon some trees he had planted during his solitary hours, and then hung himself.

For no parents watch'd his coming,  
No fond mother blest his sight,  
No reward for days of learning,  
None to praise when all was right.

Three long dreary years he stood,  
Watch'd each joyous soul depart,  
Then, in melancholy mood,  
Strove to hush his breaking heart.

But the struggle was in vain,  
Mortal strength gave way before it,  
And a death-like sense of pain  
Struck the unlov'd boy that bore it.

Sadly to his haunts slow stealing,  
Where his lonesome hours were pass'd,  
He compos'd those lines of feeling,  
Lines whose glory long shall last.

Yes, the lone neglected boy  
Imag'd joys he never felt,  
Painted love without alloy,  
Love that might a stoic melt—

Love, the purest that is known,  
Such a love as angels feel,

When around the Father's throne  
Hymns of glory softly steal.

And if still his heart rejoices  
O'er those strains so fond and true,  
May he bless the youthful voices  
That each year his praise renew.

---

LINES WRITTEN IMPROMPTU ON HEARING OF  
THE DEATH OF VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.

TOLL the sad bell, raise requiems o'er the bier,  
And let the nation drop its grateful tear ;  
The statesman's fled, his bright career is o'er,  
And crowds proclaim that Melbourne is no more !  
But yet if learning and a taste refined,  
If every virtue that adorns the mind,  
Could have a power to wrest from death its sting,  
Or turn the shaft whilst quivering in the sling,  
Thou, surely thou, the good, the pure in heart,  
Hadst not fell victim to his iron dart ;  
Nor we, thy native land, been doomed to cry,  
Sad was the hour that saw the good man die.



Yes, Melbourne, yes ! thy generous deeds inspire  
My soul with ardour and my pen with fire ;  
I fain would paint, with more than human skill,  
Thine honest zeal, the soul-inspiring will  
Which taught thee, at the helm, with grace to guide  
The British ark with glory down the tide,  
And shed a lustre nought but worth can claim,  
A lustre that shall gild thy well-earned fame.  
In halls of grandeur, in the simplest cot,  
The patriot's name shall never be forgot ;  
So long as Liberty asserts her right,  
And blest Reform is hallow'd in our sight !

Thus wast thou honour'd in thy public life,  
Thy mild behests kept England free from strife ;  
Thus doth Britannia mourn thy spirit fled,  
And twine her laurels for thy sacred head,  
Whilst I, the humblest of her votaries, try  
To waft thy glories e'en beyond the sky.

# HISTORICAL BALLADS.

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HAROLD ; OR, THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

PART THE FIRST.

THE OPENING.

A NOBLER pen than Bulwer's\* sure,  
Could not set forth the fame  
Of him who for his country died,  
And left a glorious name.

That noble work inspired in me  
An emulative fire ;  
I fain, tho' humbly, would set forth  
The virtues I admire.

\* (Sir Lytton Bulwer's Harold.) The reading of this splendid work inspired my simple pen.

For Harold\* was the pride and boast  
Of many a noble band ;  
And minstrels of his deeds did sing,  
Throughout the English land.

For royal blood flow'd through his veins,  
And spurr'd him on to fame ;  
The Saxon and the Dane alike  
Heap'd blessings on his name.

Aye, blessings on his noble head,  
And on his fearless heart ;  
Harold the Just the lustre gain'd,  
That glorious deeds impart.

And yet he was so calm and mild,  
So gentle, yet so brave ;  
His meanest ceorl would not have fear'd  
A boon from him to crave.

Yes, boon from out that warrior's hand,  
Whom fate foretold as king,

\* Harold was the second son of Earl Godwin ; he entered London with his father and five brothers in the month of May, 1052.

Whene'er the meek and lowly prince\*  
To heaven had taken wing,

Who now sat on the English throne,  
And sigh'd o'er cross and bead—  
A king but in his outward garb,  
A saint in every deed.

Thus Harold reign'd in every heart,  
And waited but the word,  
To be by one united voice  
To England's throne preferr'd.

And right good cause had they to give  
Proud Godwin's son the crown ;  
His counsels sage, his valour bright,  
Kept war and carnage down.

When Gryffths† led his rebel band,  
And scared the border side,  
'Twas Harold's arm alone had power  
To quench the Welchman's pride.

He led his troops through brake and brier,  
He forded lake and stream,

\* Edward, surnamed the Confessor.

† Gryffths, King of Camby.

In morning's ray and evening's light  
His battle-axe did gleam.

He spar'd not valour to surprise  
The lion in his lair,  
That lion-king whose cruel heart  
Nor sex nor age did spare.

Yet still when hunted to the last,  
And pinch'd by hunger's throes,  
When Cambria's king in anger view'd  
His friends become his foes—

When treason lurk'd on every side,  
And famine hover'd near—  
Then Harold with a generous heart  
Bade Gryffths cease to fear.

And tho' the offer was in vain,  
And stern the warrior died,  
It proved the truth of Harold's heart,  
A truth that none belied.

## PART THE SECOND.

## HAROLD'S LOVE.

THUS Harold's star of glory rose,  
And brighter grew his fame ;  
While each succeeding year did add  
Fresh honours to his name.

But honours are but empty words  
Compar'd with woman's love,  
That love which gives to man below  
The joys of heaven above.

For Harold's hearth was cold and sad,  
The stately tree was bare,  
No gentle bride had been preferr'd  
The warrior's home to share.

Yet none could say his heart was cold,  
Or Saxon maidens shy ;  
Ah no ! for Harold's fame had caus'd  
The fairest many a sigh.

Proud Mercia's daughter (Ayldith fair)  
Wept sore within her bower,  
To think his stony heart could beat,  
Unconscious of her power.

She little guess'd the chains that love  
Had woven round his soul,  
Or that his heart no longer own'd  
His undisguised control.

She only mark'd the Saxon Thane  
Engag'd in war and strife—  
No whispering breeze betray'd to her  
The secret of his life—

That every throb within his pulse  
Beat but for one alone,  
For whose dear sake he glory earn'd,  
For whom he wish'd a throne ;

But whom religion's fatal ties\*  
To join with him denied,  
And by its sternest ban forbade  
To take her for his bride.

Yet Edith† was the fairest flower,  
The loveliest of his kin,

\* Githa, the mother of Harold, was cousin to Hilda, the grandmother of Edith, by which link Harold and Edith came within the bounds of affinity prohibited by the church.

† Edith's marvellous beauty gained her the epithet of Edith the Fair.

The best belov'd of all his race,  
Untouch'd, unstain'd by sin.

His earthly Fylgia born to be,  
She hover'd by his side,  
His guardian angel, pure and free,  
To quell his earthly pride.

If thoughts of stern ambition rose,  
They vanish'd in her sight—  
Her gentle nature seem'd to lead  
His haughty soul aright.

The god-child of that sainted queen  
Who thought a cloister'd shade  
The brightest and the holiest home  
To fit a Christian maid.

But Edith had been fondly rear'd  
To be her kinsman's wife,  
While every feeling of his heart  
Was bound up in her life.

Yet fate, whom none can turn aside,  
O'erpower'd their rising sun,  
And stern decreed his chosen bride  
To be a cloister'd nun.



And time, who works his ceaseless round,  
Despite the good or bad,  
Saw Harold mount the English throne,  
And every heart be glad.

## PART THE THIRD.

## THE PARTING.

THE shades of eve had slowly wrapt  
Each battlement and tower,  
As Harold stood by Edith's side,  
And mourn'd their parting hour.

He listen'd to each faltering word,  
Each agonizing sigh,  
That burst, as vainly she essay'd  
To speak her purpose high.

“Go, Harold, go! I bid thee go,  
Nor think on me again;  
Within a cloister's holy shade,  
I'll hush this bosom's pain.

“Then go! ere I repent the deed,  
And love asserts its sway—  
Go, and may glory crown thy steps,  
And valour lead the way.”

She paused ; but oh the words fell cold  
And chill upon his ear—  
The council that could bid them part  
Was fraught with doubt and fear.

“ It cannot be,” he madly cried,  
“ I cannot leave thee here ;  
Edith, I part not with thy love,  
Till stretch’d upon my bier.

“ That love, which in the darkest hour  
Has been my joy and pride,  
To shield which, from the church’s power,  
I would have gladly died.

“ Then what is glory—what is fame—  
Say what are crowns, but care,  
If you, my Edith, best belov’d,  
Are not with me to share ?

“ You bid me go where honour points,  
Where fame and valour lead ;  
You bid me, as your last request,  
For England’s glory bleed.

“ Now, Edith, hear my solemn vow,  
I swear it by yon cross,

I'll give up glory, fame and crown,  
But not survive thy loss."

She laid her hand upon his arm,  
And made the sacred sign,  
Upon her face a holy calm  
Breath'd forth in every line.

And when she spoke, her words were low,  
But, oh, distinct and clear ;  
All earthly passion sure was fled,  
And thus she bade him hear. .

" You speak of earthly love, and say  
Your love continues still ;  
Then, Harold, show that love to me,  
By bending to my will.

" I bid thee live for England's good,  
For England's good alone,  
I bid thee draw thy sword of might,  
And well defend the throne.

" And I within my cloistered shade  
Will pray to God above,  
To watch o'er thee in battle field,  
And shield thee with his love.

“But should thy fortunes darkly frown,  
And unseen ills betide,  
Then, Harold, in thine hour of need,  
Thou’lt find me by thy side.”

She left him to his bright career,  
To live for fame alone ;  
She left him only for a time,  
To meet in worlds unknown.

She cloth’d her beauty in the garb  
Of poverty and peace,  
And knelt before the shrine of Him  
Who bids our sorrows cease.  
And he, yes he, obey’d her word,  
And earn’d a deathless fame ;  
But soon his star of glory fell,  
And left him but the name.

## THE LAST PART.

## THE BATTLE.

’Twas evening : and the summer’s sun  
Went down across a plain,  
Where many a soldier watch’d the rays  
He ne’er might see again.

Two mighty armies waited but  
The rising of the same,  
To settle by the force of arms  
A long-disputed claim.

The Saxon king had claim'd the throne,  
In right of England's voice—  
The Norman Duke put forth the plea  
That he was Edward's choice.

Each urg'd his claim with stern resolve,  
Each threw his gauntlet down,  
Each buckl'd on his sword of might,  
To win a brave renown.

But woe betide the Saxon chiefs ;  
They'll be a conquer'd band,  
If William plants his iron foot  
In conquest o'er the land.

Yet still they sang and feasted,  
Nor dreamt of pain and care,  
While through the night till morning's light  
The Normans knelt in prayer.

Then on came Harold's army,  
The noblest of the brave ;

On ! on they came, with dauntless cry,  
Their household hearths to save.

And steadily the Norman came,  
With courage quite as high,  
To win a crown or earn a grave—  
To conquer or to die.

But what was human valour,  
And what was human pride,  
Unless the God of battles  
Espous'd the victor's side ?

The armies met ! The torrent's rush,  
That swells the mountain's tide,  
Ne'er swept with more resistless force,  
Than each chieftain in his pride.

If Harold, with his dauntless arm,  
Wax'd victor for an hour,  
Duke William with his mighty strength  
Drove all before his power,

Till Saxon chiefs bestrew'd the ground  
Like leaves in autumn strown ;  
The young, the noble, and the brave,  
Scarce breath'd a parting groan.

Yet still they fought untiringly,  
And still they fought in vain ;  
They fought until they saw their king  
Stretch'd dead upon the plain.

Then a cry of mighty anguish  
Ascended on the gale ;  
It swept across each barren hill,  
It fill'd each verdant vale.

It found an echo in the heart  
Of every Saxon born—  
The highest chief, the lowest ceorl,  
In bitterness did mourn.

But oh ! their grief was useless,  
For on the Normans came,  
Elate with pride, to think their arms  
Had won undying fame.

That day decided England's fate ;  
Her darkest star prevail'd,  
Her guardian angel sigh'd farewell,  
When Harold's valour fail'd.

The Church proclaim'd Duke William's arms  
Upheld by heaven's grace,

They crown'd him on the battle field,  
The first of all his race.

And never from that hour to this,  
Have we been truly free ;  
From Norman rule sprang all the woes  
Our land was doom'd to see.

But all throughout that fearful day,  
One beating heart was there,\*  
And watch'd each wave of Harold's plume,  
In agoniz'd despair.

One ear had caught the cries of joy,  
But ah ! they sooth'd her not,  
The dark forebodings of her heart  
Foretold his bitter lot.

She pass'd the time in solemn prayer,  
'Till night came slowly down,  
Then, lighted by her pious guide,  
She sought the battle ground.

Her angel form, her saintly garb,  
Struck many a dying eye,

\* It is confidently asserted that Edith left her monastery, and watched the fate of the battle at night. She, with the aid of the monks, sought Harold's body, and having found it, breathed her last sigh beside him.



As earnest of the holy band  
That waited them on high.

She hush'd her griefs to soothe their woes,  
Until there met her sight  
The form of him who all through life  
Had made existence bright.

She utter'd not a single word,  
But calmly kiss'd his brow :  
No power on earth, no power above  
Could part the lovers now.

It needed but one struggling sigh,  
One heaving of the breath  
Though fate had parted them in life,  
They met again in death.

#### THE FAREWELL.

BENEATH a mound of softest green,  
Where nought of pomp or rank was seen,  
Was Saxon Harold laid ;  
And by his side, in close embrace,  
Lay Edith, loveliest of her race,  
Far from her cloister'd shade.

She had been parted, while in life,  
From him she lov'd, by care and strife ;

Now death had given release ;  
And calmly slept they, side by side,  
Unconscious of the cares of pride,  
• That once disturb'd their peace.

No mitred bishop now had power  
To part them for one single hour,  
By ban or stern decree.  
Their griefs were fled, their sorrows gone,  
Their souls had sought a brighter morn,  
Where all was pure and free.

And faithful tears bedew'd their bier,  
Tears shed by those who held them dear,  
And hung upon their life ;  
And as they laid the mighty low,  
They breath'd a curse upon the foe  
Who first begun the strife.

They curs'd the Norman in his hall,  
They wish'd him an inglorious pall,  
Defeat upon the field ;  
They pray'd until the latest hour

Their curse might cling, and by its power  
Distress and discord yield.

And sure those prayers were heard on high,  
Where none can weep and none can sigh,  
Or plead or pray in vain ;  
For William's court in after-years  
Presented scenes of grief and tears,  
Of agony and pain.

His children us'd their swords in strife,  
And aim'd them at each other's life ;  
His people were in arms ;  
The Saxon lords, to work them ill,  
Urg'd on his son's rebellious will,  
And life lost all its charms.

And when at last death hover'd near,  
And call'd upon him not to fear,  
But quit this world for heaven,  
He fain was forc'd to sadly own,  
That not the splendour of a throne  
Had peace or comfort given.

That Harold in his dying hour  
Was blest beyond the fragile power

That mortals can bestow ;  
For he had gain'd a heavenly throne,  
Where sin and sorrow are unknown,  
Beyond the reach of woe.

## DIRGE OF THE SAXONS.

WAIL ye for Harold, the noble and brave,  
Wail for the hero laid low in the grave,  
Last of his race, to the Britons so dear,  
Harold the Saxon lies cold on his bier ;  
Wail ye his dirge, with weeping and moan,  
For England her last day of freedom hath known.  
  
Last of the heroes who swept o'er the tide,  
Resistless as gods in their might and their pride,  
Last of the Danes and descended from Thor,  
Last of the Saxons the mighty in war,  
Harold lies stiff on the cold battle-field,  
Saxon to Norman for ever shall yield.  
  
Vain were thy efforts, oh Harold the brave !  
Vain was thy valour, thy country to save ;  
Stretch'd on the battle-field, pierc'd to the heart,  
Never again to take England's part.  
In that fatal hour was seal'd by a blow  
The fate that the Saxon was destin'd to know.

Then wail ye thy hero, both Saxon and Dane,  
Wail loud o'er his relics that lie on the plain ;  
For the stranger has set his stern foot on the strand,  
And the Norman shall rule as with iron thy land.  
Then loud raise the wail, and the funeral pile,  
For the last of the Saxons that govern'd thine isle.

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## ARUNDEL CASTLE—A VISION.

*Dedicated by especial Permission to the*

LADIES MARY AND ADELIZA FITZALAN  
HOWARD.

I MUS'D upon the castle tower,  
'Till sleep o'erpower'd mine eyes,  
And then, as with a magic power,  
Strange fancies seem'd to rise.  
  
Time stopt the ceaseless flow of years,  
And backward turn'd his glass,  
While centuries, like glancing spears,  
Before me seem'd to pass.  
  
I look'd ; and lo ! fair Arundel  
Had faded into air,

The stately keep, the castle walls,  
Alone were standing there.

I gaz'd into the vale below,  
And by the water's side—  
Where late I saw the haunts of man,  
An abbey flourished wide.

Its flowery meads, its waving woods,  
Remote from sin and strife,  
Seem'd emblems of the faith of those  
Who vow to God their life.

Yes, vow to God, in very deed,  
To give up rank and birth,  
And lowly at their Saviour's feet  
Lay down the joys of earth.

And, farther in yon fairy vale,  
An undulating stream  
Reflected in her bosom pale  
The castle like a dream.

All these seem'd present to mine eye,  
In lieu of church and town,  
And I stood on that stately keep,  
And gazed on all around.

The warder, with his measur'd tread,  
Paced up and down beside,  
And caroll'd forth a well-known air,  
Of some bold baron's pride.

But soon he paus'd, for on the plain  
That stretch'd so fair and free,  
He saw what seem'd a cloud of dust,  
Or else a moving tree.

But as it near'd the castle steep,  
He spied a goodly band,  
And on, in front, a lady fair  
Rode up in proud command.

They rode in haste, for very life,  
And reach'd the castle gate,  
When lo, it prov'd the Empress Maude,  
Bereft of all her state.

She held Prince Henry by the hand,  
A sweet and lovely child,  
Who reck'd not that his native land  
Was torn by factions wild.

She proudly hail'd the warder bold,  
Who lowly bent his head,

And bade him by his oath of old,  
To list to what she said.

“Go, tell thy queen—the Empress Maude  
Is standing at her gates,  
And ere she enters in her halls,  
For her permission waits.

“Go tell her, that an Emperor’s wife,  
The queen of these fair lands,  
Is flying for her very life,  
Pursu’d by hostile bands.”

“I’ll do thy bidding, noble queen,”  
The warder grave replied,  
“To shelter thee, my gracious liege,  
Will be our lady’s pride.

“But stand not there, while I depart  
To do thy sovereign will ;  
For thou and thine are much expos’d  
Upon the open hill.”

Queen Maude then bow’d her stately head,  
And came within the tower,  
While archers stood on either side,  
And own’d her sovereign power.



But oh, not long had she to wait,  
For, quick as lightning's thought,  
Came forth the gentle widow'd queen,  
And hearty welcomes brought.

She came, that fair and lovely queen,  
Serene in beauty mild,  
And welcom'd warm the harass'd Maude,  
And blest the lovely child.

So sweet and graceful was her form,  
Such music in her voice,  
She seem'd more like an angel born,  
That liv'd on earth by choice.

"Behold me!" said the haughty Maude,  
"Reduc'd to fly to thee!  
Bereft of help, of every friend,  
I pray thee succour me.

"If only for a single night,  
For Stephen's near at hand;  
I've fled throughout this livelong day,  
Before his rebel band.

"And I, to-morrow, will again  
Depart, and shelter seek;

I'll seek it at the cross of Christ,  
Last refuge for the weak."

Queen Adeliza look'd around,  
On all the castle band,  
Then spoke—"Behold our sovereign queen,  
The queen of this fair land.

"Before these walls shall cease to be  
A home for thee and thine,  
The owl shall hoot within its halls,  
And dead be me and mine.

"The rebel chief may hedge it round,  
And lay it stone by stone,  
Ere I give up my sovereign queen,  
And send thee forth to roam."

She ceased ; then on the Empress Maude  
She laid her gentle hand,  
And bade her knights and men at arms  
Respect their queen's command.

And every knight and squire there  
Bent low his valiant head,  
And vow'd allegiance to her cause,  
Till earth should be their bed.

Queen Maude had not a melting heart,  
Not given was she to tears,  
But now they seem'd to flow unbid,  
Mementoes of her fears.

She enter'd first the welcome hall,  
Young Henry walked behind,  
For much he lov'd the gentle queen,  
Whose accents were so kind.

But could futurity have drawn  
The veil from off its face,  
How little would that gallant boy  
Have brook'd his son's disgrace !

To think among the barons bold,  
His kinsman's hand alone  
Compell'd King John to sign the deed  
That free'd the poor man's home.

But, thanks to God, we do not know  
What fate may have in store,  
But rest contented with our lot,  
Nor dare to covet more.

Peace reign'd throughout the castle halls,  
The tir'd wanderers slept ;

But while the household sought repose,  
King Stephen's army crept,

And fix'd their post upon the plain,  
To hem the castle in—  
And morning broke, and the warder woke  
With the clatter and the din.

Then rush'd forth warder, knights and all,  
To view the forces round ;  
But tho' they look'd both right and left,  
Its limits were not found.

It spread, where'er the eye could see,  
In beautiful array ;  
It took a heart of metal stern,  
Not quite to flee away.

And soon the news flew through the hall,  
And reach'd the widow'd queen,  
That Stephen and his lawless band  
Could from her walls be seen.

Then Adeliza hurried forth,  
And gain'd the castle tower ;  
Not often for that massive keep  
She left her sheltering bower.

H

But tho' her gentle heart was cast  
In woman's choicest mould,  
When rous'd, at times she could exert  
A spirit warm and bold.

Aye ! such a spirit as could awe  
The fiercest of her train ;  
They held her word a sovereign law,  
That ne'er was broke in vain.

And such a spirit Stephen found  
In vain to bend or break ;  
For three long weeks he lay around,  
And kept the towers awake.

But gallantry at last prevail'd,  
His better self had power,  
And he agreed Queen Maude should leave,  
And seek some other tower.

And further still, to guard from harm,  
He sent a troop of horse,  
To be her escort, safe and sound,  
Throughout the hostile force.

I saw King Stephen's escort stand  
Beside the castle gate ;

The proudest nobles in the land  
Upon the empress wait.

And Maude came forth, with stately tread,  
But sad and dim her eye ;  
She could not leave the gentle queen  
Without a parting sigh.

I saw her mount her palfrey steed,  
And slowly head the train ;  
I saw her pass through Stephen's camp,  
And reach the distant plain.

And then a hand upon my arm .  
Dissolv'd the pleasant dream ;  
I started, I was in the keep,  
And nothing could be seen.

It was a dream, it pass'd away,  
And I alone was there ;  
The pageant that entranc'd my sight  
Had melted into air.

And such is life, an empty dream,  
That lasts but for a day ;  
It shifts as 'twere a changing scene,  
And then we fade away.

But social virtues, kindly deeds,  
Impress the path they tread ;  
Queen Adeliza's fame remains,  
Though ages long have fled.

And dames as true, and maids as fair,  
Still bless the Howard name,  
And equally, from rich and poor,  
Respect and reverence claim.

The virtues of the lovely queen  
Shine brighter still in them ;  
They're like the blossoms of the rose,  
And she the parent stem.

And oh, that Heaven's choicest gifts  
May bless the youthful pair  
That now adorn that stately line,  
The sweetest flowerets there.

But, as the poet truly said,  
There dwells in every heart  
Some lurking wish we fain would see  
Fulfill'd, if but in part.

Oh, may thy wishes be fulfill'd  
Before they're breath'd by thee,  
And God, who both has power and will,  
Grant each a blessing free.

THE POISONED - ARROW ; OR, ELEANOR OF  
CASTILE.

THE sun has sunk in Palestine,  
The moon has risen high ;  
A knight upon a coal-black steed  
Is riding quickly by.

He rides to gain yon open plain,  
Where the Christians keep their post :  
He has fought his way unscath'd to-day,  
Through all the heathen host.

Ride on, Sir Knight, thy welcome bright  
Thou carriest in thy hand,  
For thou art come from Joppa's shore,  
With news of thy native land.

The rider has cross'd the boundary line,  
He had reach'd an open tent,  
And before a knight of stately height  
His knee he lowly bent.

“ Rise up, Sir Knight, Sir Walter, rise,  
What news hast thou in hand ?  
Is my father well, do the people dwell  
In peace in my native land ? ”



“The land it was in peace, Sir Prince,  
When I bade its shores adieu ;  
The vassal eats at his master’s board,  
The knights are bold and true.

“This packet I bring from his grace the king  
For none but thy royal hand ;  
I have fought my way to thy tent to-day,  
Past all the heathen band.”

The prince the packet eager took,  
And cut the silken string ;  
When oh ! an arrow aim’d for death,  
Came rapid on the wing.

The arrow has pierc’d the prince’s breast,  
He has sunk upon the plain ;  
The knights gaze round, in wild amaze,  
To know from whence it came.

His princess hears the frantic cries,  
And rushes from within,  
To see her husband stretch’d in death,  
And life begin to dim.

“Draw near, my Eleanor, draw near,  
And hear my parting word ;

For ne'er again, on battle field,  
This arm shall draw a sword,

"And ne'er again my native land  
Shall glad these darksome eyes ;  
I little thought the assassin's dart  
Would cause my parting sighs.

"Then lay my bones in this holy land,  
My heart carry back with thee ;  
And for the blessed Virgin's sake,  
Have masses said for me."

He ceased, and fainting, sank again ;  
She looked in wild dismay ;  
A monk held up a crucifix,  
And bent his knee to pray.

"Can nothing save his life ?" she cries,  
And gaz'd on all around ;  
"Will no one draw the poison out ?  
Is none so faithful found ?"

She clasped her hands in firm resolve,  
Then rais'd her streaming eyes ;  
"For the holy Virgin's sake above,  
In mercy hear my cries.

“Grant me the grace his life to save,  
And if it cost my own,  
I will lay it down without a sigh,  
Or e’en a parting groan.”

Her lips are press’d upon his breast,  
The poison slow sucks out ;  
And the life came back to his fainting heart,  
And he slowly turn’d about.

Yes, turn’d to bless his heroic wife,  
For the ease he quickly knew ;  
To bless her for the holy deed  
God gave her strength to do.

And, Eleanor, thy virtues live,  
Though years have pass’d away,  
A theme for many a minstrel’s song,  
From the past to the present day.

For when children listen to the lays  
Of England’s ancient glory,  
And tales are told of the crusades bold,  
Comes thy oft repeated story—

How thou wert bless’d and prais’d through life,  
By thy husband bold and true,

And, after death, how thy name was paid  
More honour than woman knew.

For death o'ertook thee on thy way,  
The stranger's home among,  
And many a tear bedew'd thy corpse,  
And masses were said and sung.

And where'er they stray'd, a cross was made,  
In honour to thy name ;  
And those signs still stand in our English land,  
In memory of thy fame.

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THE LEOPARD KNIGHT ; OR, THE FALSE SIGNAL.

*Adapted from Scott's Tales of the Crusaders.*

PART THE FIRST.

It was on Acre's gallant strand,  
At the solemn hour of night,  
That the English flag waved lightly o'er  
The steps of a red-cross knight.

His sable mail, in the moonlight pale,  
Set forth his stately form ;  
And the glance so true, of his eye of blue,  
Show'd he was nobly born.

Yes, he was as bold a knight  
As e'er a sword could wield ;  
He stood renown'd in the Christian camp,  
For deeds upon battle field.

But no one knew from whence he came,  
To join King Richard's band ;  
His name and lineage were unknown,  
Throughout the Holy Land.

And now he paces to and fro  
The little mound of green,  
And nothing but his faithful dog  
Can at his feet be seen.

Sudden a sound comes through the air,  
. A step is drawing nigh,  
And a tiny page, of tender age,  
Has met the knight's stern eye.

But what doth cause that knight to start,  
And turn so deadly pale,  
And list with such a breathless air,  
As the page begins his tale ?

“This ring I bring from my lady fair,  
She bade me give it thee,

And made me swear by her golden hair,  
That none should be by to see.

“ And she waits, sir knight, in her bower bright,  
And lists for thy well-known tread,  
And has taken care that none are there,  
All is silent as the dead.”

The knight has kiss'd the ruby ring,  
He knows the faithful token ;  
“ And can it be, my Edith fair  
Those precious words has spoken ?”

His king, his honour, are forgot,  
He thinks on her alone,  
On her who sent the fatal ring,  
To make her wishes known.

With a light'ning step he follows quick,  
And gains the lady's bower ;  
But ah ! no Edith's waiting there,  
To keep the trysting hour.

The knight is struck with sore amaze,  
The moon shines bright and clear,  
And he faintly knocks at her virgin bower,  
But it is in doubt and fear.

“What brought thee here, sir knight, to me,  
At this unseemly hour?”

And he held her up the ruby ring,

“It was this, my peerless flower.”

The colour forsook the lady's cheek,

A faintness seiz'd her frame ;

“That ring, sir knight, I never sent,

But on me must rest the blame.

“My royal mistress begg'd the ring—

She must have sent it thee ;

Oh it's a trick to bring thee here,

Which they have play'd on me !

“Hie back, sir knight, as quick as light,

Before thou art miss'd or seen ;

And lest thou should be known to leave,

I will haste me to the queen ;

“And she shall gain King Richard's ear,

And her thoughtless plot unveil ;

I little thought when the ring I gave,

It would such grief entail.”

The knight speeds back with a heavy heart,

Oh, sight to meet his eyes !

The standard's gone, and his faithful dog  
Has sunk no more to rise.

His folly now he sees too late,  
He knows he is betray'd !  
Ah ! it is not a thoughtless trick,  
But a deeper plot is laid.

One way remains his faith to save,  
Before his honour's lost—  
He must hasten to the king, and tell  
That he hath left his post.

And if he deems his life should pay  
The forfeit of the same,  
Why he stak'd it for his Edith's sake,  
And she will bless his name.

## PART THE SECOND.

King Richard in his tent is lying,  
His battle-axe by his side ;  
By night or day he never parts  
With that symbol of his pride—

For not a soul in the Christian camp  
Can raise that axe on high ;



Who e'er would wield it o'er his head,  
His knightly spurs might buy.

The leopard knight admission gains,  
He enters without fear ;  
King Richard starts from his broken sleep ;  
“ Sir knight, what brings thee here ?

“ Gave I not thee the post to guard  
Our standard bold and free ?  
Has aught befell that banner bright ?  
Speak out, sir knight, to me.”

The knight return'd King Richard's glance,  
By a look devoid of fear ;  
Yet when he spoke, his accents broke  
With sadness on the ear.

“ The standard's gone, and I am come  
My forfeit life to pay ;  
Ask me no question how 'tis lost,  
The cause I may not say.”

“ And livest thou to tell the news ?  
And dar'st to bring it me ?  
Traitor ! my trusty battle-axe  
Shall make an end of thee !”

He rais'd the ponderous axe on high,  
The knight stood firm and bold ;  
Sudden, a rushing sound is heard,  
And the king relax'd his hold.

For a female form has rush'd between,  
And sunk upon her knees ;  
Well might King Richard drop the sword,  
For it is the queen he sees.

Her wavy locks of sunny gold  
Fell o'er her brow of snow,  
And her liquid eyes swam in pearly tears,  
As she spoke in accents low—

“ Oh ! spare his life, my gracious king,  
In mercy set him free,  
It was I who sent the fatal ring,  
But not me he came to see.

“ I sent it in the name of one,  
Who is dearer than his life ;  
I did it for a harmless jest,  
Nor dreamt of mortal strife.

“ Then spare his life, my Richard dear,  
Oh spare his life, I pray !”

And she clasp'd her hands, and wrung her hair,  
Like one in deep dismay.

“ Out of my tent this moment go,”

King Richard angry cries ;

“ Think I will spare a traitor's life,

For the sake of streaming eyes ?”

“ It's not a traitor's life you'll spare,

King Richard, if you do,

But a noble knight who hath serv'd thee well,

And fought both bold and true.

“ When the fatal ring was sent to him,

They sent it in my name :

Hear me but tell the simple truth,

And that will clear his fame.

“ By all the laws of chivalry

He was bound to come to me,

Whene'er I sent my signet ring,

To say that I was free.

“ So not a stain can rest upon

His honour as a knight ;

I only grieve he should have held

His Edith's fame so light.

“ To think at this unwonted hour,  
With nought of peril near,  
He should be summon’d to my bower,  
A tale of love to hear.”

She ceas’d ; upon her lofty brow  
The colour died away ;  
Calmly she stood before the king,  
And inward seem’d to pray.

“ Thy life is spar’d !” King Richard cries,  
For a generous heart had he ;  
“ I spare it ; not for woman’s sighs,  
But because thou art bold and free.

“ For hadst thou made a backward step,  
Or quail’d beneath mine eye,  
My trusty sword had laid thee low,  
Ere thou hadst breath’d a sigh.

“ Then go, sir knight, in the tourney fight  
Go challenge thy secret foe,  
Throw down thy glove for thy lady-love,  
And strike a stalwart blow.

“ Redeem thy name, and thy knightly fame  
Shall spotless be as before,

And the terrible plight of this fatal night  
Shall never be spoke of more."

The knight has left King Richard's tent,  
His tainted fame to clear ;

And had I space for his deeds of grace,  
They should have record here.

How, by the aid of his noble hound,  
He track'd the traitor knight,

And laid him low by a stalwart blow,  
In the lists of the tourney fight.

And when blest at last with Edith's hand—  
Lov'd boon for all his care—

My leopard knight, if the tale runs right,  
Was Scotland's sovereign heir.

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TO THE

HON. WILLIAM HENRY JOHN NORTH,

*This Historical Ballad*

OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION,

*Is most gratefully dedicated, by his very obliged servant,*  
*JULIA TILT.*

A MINSTREL from the Holy Land

Was wending on his way,  
And passing by a castle high,  
He tun'd his harp to play.

He tun'd it with a heavy heart,  
For when last the strain was rung,  
It was before King Richard's court,  
And the lion-king he sung.

But now that brave and noble king  
Is in a dungeon laid,  
And the minstrel sigh'd o'er his bosom's pride,  
As his fingers o'er it stray'd.

He thought of many a scene gone by,  
Of many a lady bright,  
Of many a song in Palestine,  
He'd caroll'd with delight.

But those blithesome joys have pass'd away,  
And by a vow he's bound  
To rest him not, by night or day,  
Until King Richard's found.

He has travell'd many a weary mile,  
Pass'd many a lady's bower,  
And cheer'd the warden by his song,  
On many a lonely tower.

By night or day he plays but one,  
A sweet and plaintive strain,

In hopes King Richard will respond—  
But his hopes are all in vain.

The harp he sweeps with a pensive hand,  
And sings both sweet and clear ;  
Hark ! can it be an echo nigh,  
That falls upon his ear ?

Is it a dream, or fairy spell ?  
For, floating on the air,  
A voice sends back the strain again,  
In tones both rich and rare.

He listens breathless to the note,  
Which echo still repeats ;  
His wanderings now are well repaid,  
And his heart with rapture beats.

For glancing to the turret high,  
Whence those welcome notes are heard,  
Is fluttering from its stony loop,  
A signal like a bird.

And then a voice he dearly lov'd,  
A voice both bold and true,  
Call'd him an old familiar name—  
“ Say, Blondell, is it you ?

“ Say, is it thou, my minstrel true ?  
 How welcome is thy strain ?  
 I almost thought I ne’er should hear  
 Those joyful notes again.

“ Six weary months I’ve been confin’d  
 Within these dismal walls ;  
 It seems to me a living death,  
 Whilst pining in its halls.

“ I left my band in the Holy Land,  
 In the garb of a pilgrim gray,  
 And was wending home to my native strand,  
 When a traitor cross’d my way.

“ But if I’d had my trusty sword,  
 With a score of archers brave,  
 My axe, that never fail’d me yet,  
 My freedom would have sav’d.

“ But a hostile troop waylaid my path,  
 And brought me here by force,  
 And shut me close in this turret high,  
 Without feeling or remorse.

“ Now, Blondell, hear thy monarch’s will,  
 And bear to my native land



The news that I am alive and well,  
But detain'd on a foreign strand.

“ And bid them, by the holy cross  
I rear'd in Palestine,—

By the name of Mary's blessed Son,  
Of which it is the sign,—

“ By their princely halls and cottage homes,—  
By their castles proud and high,—  
By their morning prayer and evening hymn—  
Not to leave me here to die.

“ Bid monk and abbot, peer and knight,  
E'en burghers to combine,  
To raise sufficient to suffice  
To pay the heavy fine.

“ For the traitor prince who could conspire,  
The lion-king to hold,  
Will gratify his heart's desire,  
And sue for sordid gold.

“ But once let me be free again,  
My banner proud to rear,  
Their trusting faith I will repay,  
They shall have nought to fear.

“ Then, Blondell, hie thee back again,  
Spare neither spur nor horse ;  
Speed quick and light, to our island bright,  
Each moment seems a loss.”

The minstrel knelt upon the ground  
As if in silent prayer,  
Then rais'd his cap, and from its shade  
Fell rings of golden hair.

“ Oh, Richard !” murmured forth a voice,  
In woman's sweetest tone,  
“ Did not affection teach thy heart,  
That she who shar'd thy throne,

“ Could not forget the days gone by,  
The bright and happy years,  
The hours of joy, she'd spent with thee  
In sunshine and in tears ?

“ Thou left me in the Holy Land,  
But when the news arriv'd  
That thou hadst not reach'd thy native strand,  
I scarce the news surviv'd.

“ And Blondell, who had taken sail  
From Joppa's sacred shore,

Now quick return'd, and my bosom burn'd  
As I heard the tidings sore.

“ Then I made a vow at our lady's shrine,  
At our holy Saviour's tomb,  
That with harp in hand, as a minstrel bland,  
I would seek to know thy doom.

“ And, Richard, thou canst sadly feel  
How Matilda's heart would beat,  
When thy bosom's pearl to some hostel churl  
Drew near her weary feet ;

“ The scoffs and jeers, the taunts and sneers,  
I sometimes did endure ;  
But I did not care, whether foul or fair,  
Could I make my purpose sure.

“ And now, indeed, I'll haste me back  
To Windsor's sylvan bowers,  
Bid the barons bold draw forth their gold,  
And shorten thy weary hours.”

King Richard had fac'd many a field  
Of danger and of dread,  
And oft his fatal battle-axe  
Had strew'd the ground with dead ;

He had been in many an escalade,  
 With death and peril nigh ;  
 But never from his stony heart  
 Had it drawn a tear or sigh.

But now, his iron soul o'erflow'd  
 With feelings warm and kind,  
 And his voice was weak, as he strove to speak  
 The emotions of his mind.

“ And is it thou, Matilda true ?  
 Or does my heart deceive ?  
 Thou ! whom I've wept and pray'd to see ?  
 I can scarce my sight believe.

“ Has God then listen'd to my prayer,  
 And sent thee here at last,  
 To hearten up my cheerless cup,  
 And make me forget the past ?

“ 'Tis said that woman's heart is fram'd  
 Affection's self to hold,  
 And that her love's a priceless gem,  
 That ne'er is bought with gold.

“ That priceless gem thou'st been to me,  
 Through many a stormy year ;

For thy love burnt bright, like the stars of night,  
My passage on earth to cheer.

“ The weary hours in these dismal towers  
I’ve spent as a captive lone,  
Are fading away, like the parting ray  
Of the sun, as I think of home.”

He ceas’d ; and when he spoke again,  
It was in a gayer tone ;

“ Matilda, we shall meet once more  
On our bonny English throne ;

“ And until that hour, may the blessed power  
Of the holy saints above,  
And the virgin fair, hear my earnest prayer,  
And guard thee with heavenly love !”

The lady has left that dismal tower,  
She has taken her harp in hand,  
And is speeding her way, as a minstrel gay,  
To reach the English strand.

She has told her tale by the moonlight pale,  
She has told it at dawn of day,  
And men cried shame on the dastard’s name,  
Who could stop King Richard’s way.

Each baron bold drew forth his gold,  
To set the captive free,  
And watch'd with delight for the moment bright  
When King Richard again they'd see.  
And history tells, how the merry bells  
Rang out from church and tower,  
When England's king once more did sing  
His lays in his native bower.

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## THE LADY GODIVA.

WITHIN a castle rich and rare,  
Some hundred years ago,  
A lady fair was sitting there,  
All bath'd in hapless woe.  
Her hair it was of golden hue,  
And wav'd upon her knee ;  
Her face it was so fair to view,  
It charm'd the eye to see.  
And that lady fair, with her golden hair,  
Had an eye of truest blue,  
And, what is rare beyond compare,  
A heart both kind and true.

And she had lands and castles bright,  
And came of noble birth ;  
And many a lord and gallant knight  
Did homage to her worth.

And yet that lady fair is sad,  
And a tear is in her eye ;  
Oh ! why should one so fair and glad,  
Have cause on earth to sigh,

Unless it is, as poets write,  
This world's a world of strife ?  
And the tale was true the lady knew,  
For she lack'd a happy life.

She had left her convent's peaceful walls,  
To wed a lord of might,  
And she knew no care, that maiden rare,  
Her spirit was so bright.

But soon a change came o'er her dream,  
Her laughter died away,  
And she who had smil'd like some seraph child,  
Did nought on earth but pray.

For her wedded lord had a cruel eye,  
That frown'd on all around,

And the lady felt, with a bitter sigh,  
To a tyrant she was bound.  
For it is the lord of Coventry  
Whose deeds I sing in verse,  
And the lady there was Godiva fair,  
Whose praises I rehearse.

## PART THE SECOND.

Long had the lord of Coventry  
Held cruel sway on all,  
And the burghers of his native town  
Bent low beneath his thrall.  
But nothing could induce this lord  
To think on others' pain,  
Or do to others what he'd wish  
Done back to him again.  
In vain the church it rear'd its head  
And threaten'd direful doom,  
They might as well have preach'd to one,  
Laid silent in the tomb!  
For little did that haughty lord  
Respect his mother church—  
He never thought of her at all,  
But left her in the lurch.



He levied taxes far and near,  
Presuming on his might ;  
There breath'd no man within his sphere  
That dare dispute his right.

But on the town of Coventry  
His heaviest burdens lay ;  
They lasted through the livelong night,  
And through the livelong day.

He'd tax them with a fine to-day, , ,  
An impost on the morrow ;  
The hapless burghers knew no way  
To rid them of their sorrow,

Excepting through his noble dame—  
His pure angelic wife,  
Who wept in secret o'er their shame—  
Their miserable life.

And every time her lord was gay,  
Or seem'd in christian mood,  
She pleaded in the mildest way  
To do the burghers good.

But neither tears nor prayers had power  
To melt his iron soul ;

Though lovely she as eastern flower,  
He spurn'd her mild control.  
Till last there came the heaviest fine  
That ever came before ;  
The luckless burghers night and morn  
Beset her castle door.  
The gentle lady wept to hear  
The story of their woe,  
And told her beads with many a tear  
That pity caus'd to flow.  
At length she made a firm resolve,  
Her lord to soften down,  
And plead with him imploringly,  
For Coventry's fair town.  
She pray'd an audience of her lord,  
And call'd on heaven to aid,  
To grant her courage for her speech,  
The last that could be made.

## PART THE THIRD.

Within her husband's castle hall,  
While knights around him stood,  
His peerless dame from her chamber came,  
To melt his stubborn mood.

Six times she knelt, six times she pray'd,  
And bent her lovely head,  
And urg'd him by each patron saint,  
To list to what she said.

At last, to rid him of her grief,  
Which vex'd him sore to see,  
He said, "Lady fair, I'll grant thy prayer,  
If you'll grant a boon to me."

Then the lady clasp'd her lily hands,  
And said, "Whate'er it be,  
Whatever boon thou dost require,  
• I promise it to thee."

Then laugh'd aloud this cruel lord,  
And said to all around,  
"Our lady sweet will quick retreat,  
When she hears for what she's bound."

So he sent for a monk to come with speed,  
To hold his cross on high ;  
And his brow grew blank, and his lady shrank,  
While her courage seem'd to die :

For he took her hand, like marble cold,  
And clasp'd it in his own ;

"Now, lady fair, by this cross you swear  
To do my will alone."

Then the lady dropp'd upon her knees,  
Before the holy sign,  
And said, "Here I swear, by each angel fair,  
To bend my will to thine."

Then that haughty lord advanc'd a step,  
And clasp'd his trusty blade;  
"By this sword of mine, and yon cross divine,  
I swear the compact's made.

"But if thou likest not my terms,  
Thou art free to withdraw thine oath,  
And then never again shall Coventry's name  
Be pass'd between us both."

She bent her head in sign of assent,  
And waited her lord's command;  
And not long did she tarry to learn her fate,  
For he spoke it out of hand.

"What I mean thee to do thou shalt dearly rue,  
For thou hast provok'd me sore,  
And as thou lovest to see this town so free,  
Thou shalt ride its boundaries o'er;

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“For round the town of Coventry  
Quite naked thou must ride,  
Before these burghers I will free,  
Or by my oath abide.”

He turn'd away to hide a smile,  
For he did but speak to jeer ;  
But the lady rose from off her knee,  
And her glance was cold and clear.

And few and short were the words she spoke,  
But they chas'd his mirth away ;  
His laughter fled, and his smile was dead,  
When he heard her simply say—

“To save that fair and noble town  
From further grief and sorrow,  
Tho' harsh the terms thou dost lay down,  
I will ride round to-morrow.”

#### PART THE FOURTH.

The morning light began to break  
Across the waving trees,  
The birds were twittering in the brake,  
And fluttering in the breeze.

The castle lay in deep repose,  
The warder pac'd the keep,  
No sound from out its halls arose,  
Each soul was wrapt in sleep,

Save in the fair Godiva's bower—  
No sleep had blest her eyes,  
And she look'd out of her stately tower,  
And bade her maids arise.

For a snow-white steed stood at the gate,  
All ready for her hand ;  
The burghers' care had plac'd him there,  
To wait their dame's command.

For all that night, in a dismal plight,  
The men of Coventry pray'd—  
In council met, they together set,  
That lady fair to aid.

And they toll'd the bell with a solemn knell,  
And made a stern decree,  
That whoe'er should dare to gaze on the fair,  
An instant death should see.

And every house in Coventry  
Was clos'd to the basement floor,

And not a soul throughout the town  
Had leave to pass their door.

But Eve has left her withering mark  
On every child of earth,  
And curious as a learned clerk  
Each man is from his birth.

And now within a tailor's breast  
The direful mischief grew,  
And he long'd, as for forbidden fruit,  
This lady fair to view ;

For rumour vow'd she was lovely to sight,  
And would ride on a milk-white steed ; [bright,  
That her hair it was gold, and her eyes they were  
And none could her beauty exceed.

Thus nothing could daunt his strong desire,  
Though threaten'd with direful pains—  
Not the fear of death could quell the fire  
That burnt in this tailor's veins.

So abstracting a pane from a window high,  
He station'd himself to view,  
And the bell toll'd one as his task was done,  
And he waited her coming through.

## PART THE FIFTH.

The milk-white steed it paw'd the ground,  
And shook its graceful mane,  
And neigh'd at the gate, for its precious freight,  
While she wept with her maiden train.

For many the tears those maidens shed,  
As their lady prepar'd to go;  
And each heart did bleed, as they dropp'd a bead,  
In sympathy for her woe.

And they plac'd her with care on her steed so fair,  
And gather'd her locks of gold,  
While sweeping down, like an angel's crown,  
Each shining ring they fold.

Yes, with womanly art they fold each part  
O'er her bosom of snow-white hue;  
Save that flowing hair, old chronicles swear,  
Nought cover'd that lady true.

But yet a charm preserv'd from harm  
That young and lovely dame;  
Her spotless mind repose did find,  
In the heaven from whence it came.



One glance to heaven, and one to earth,  
And one to her maiden train,  
And away, away went that lady forth,  
To earn a deathless fame.

And each true heart, as she did depart,  
Knelt on the clay-cold ground,  
And pray'd each saint to hear their plaint,  
And guard their mistress round.

And little the Lord of Coventry dreamt,  
As he lay on his bed of down,  
That his lady-bird had kept her word,  
And was riding to save the town.

On, on, she rode, that lady bright,  
And reach'd the entrance gate ;  
But held her breath, for surely death  
In the city is keeping state.

For no soul is seen, no sound is heard,  
Save the tramp of the horse's feet,  
Or the morning song of some distant bird,  
As she pac'd the silent street.

All sure were fled in that town so dead,  
Each living soul was gone ;

No human voice had power or choice  
To break that silent morn.

Yet still as she went she lowly bent  
Her young and lovely face,  
While her golden hair in the morning air  
Shone out with matchless grace.

And she look'd to the right, and look'd to the left,  
And felt she was quite alone ;  
And she urg'd her steed to serve her need,  
And carry her safely home.

But, lady fair, a mistake is there—  
You reckon without your host ;  
For from dead of night until morning light,  
The tailor was at his post ;

And never a knight in his armour bright  
Was possess'd of half the zeal  
As this tailor wight, throughout the night,  
For Coventry's dame did feel.

He knew she would come at early dawn,  
And listen'd with breathless care,  
Till he heard the stamp, and the distant tramp,  
Of her steed upon the air.

One instant more, and she'll pass his door,  
And he strain'd his anxious eyes ;  
As the horse went by, he thought a sigh  
From the lady seem'd to rise.

He saw her ride in her holy pride,  
And watch'd her out of sight,  
And a spark became a blazing flame  
In the breast of that tailor wight.

But how they sped, and what they said,  
Serves many a fruitful theme,  
Though Godiva fair, and the tailor spare,  
Have pass'd like a summer dream.

How her husband rude for pardon sued  
Before his peerless wife,  
And evermore, till his race was o'er,  
Heap'd blessings on her life.

How her trials ceas'd, and she died in peace,  
While, in gratitude to her name,  
Fair Coventry's town, as the years come round,  
Doth celebrate her fame.

## JOAN OF ARC.—AN HISTORICAL POEM.

*Compos'd on viewing Etty's picture of the Maid of  
Orleans.*

## PART THE FIRST.

At the foot of the holy cross,  
At the tomb of the mighty dead,  
O'er her bleeding country's loss,  
A simple maiden pray'd.

A simple village maid,  
That came of lowly birth,  
Who own'd no gifts, save what are free  
To every child of earth—

A pure and spotless soul,  
A firm and steadfast will,  
An energy that spurn'd control,  
A heart devoid of ill.

All these, like hidden pearls,  
Were centred in the maid—  
But yet, except to village churls,  
They had not been display'd.

But they were not born to fade,  
They were not born to die ;  
They were fore-doom'd the land to aid,  
And waft her fame on high.  
For throughout the age of chivalry,  
And past the lapse of years,  
The maid of Rouen, Joan of Arc,  
Is hallow'd by our tears.  
She's kneeling, and the painter's caught  
The bright inspir'd eye,  
The uprais'd arm, the holy thought,  
The soul that cannot die.  
Yes, dauntless zeal breathes from her face,  
'Tis stamp'd on every line ;  
She seems inspir'd by heavenly grace,  
With energy divine.  
And Fancy waves her magic wand  
Across the painting cold,—  
The picture's fled, 'tis life we see,  
'Tis Joan renown'd of old.

## PART THE SECOND.

'Mid the rush of sounding arms,  
'Mid knights and warriors bold,

In the midst of war's alarms, -  
That maid we now behold.

Calmly on a snow-white steed,  
She holds her banner high—  
The sacred sign, at whose approach  
Its foes retreat and die.

But still, tho' robed in victory,  
In suit of armour clad,  
The maiden glances o'er the scene,  
With an aspect dark and sad ;

For beneath that breast of mail  
A woman's heart beats high,  
And her cheek is blanched, and her brow is pale,  
As she hears the dying sigh—

Of many a noble knight,  
Of many an archer bold,  
Of many a boy who caroll'd light,  
But now lies stiff and cold ;

Yes, cold beneath her feet ;  
Their souls to heaven take flight,  
And she checks her speed, and reins her steed,  
Lest she crush them in her might.

Whilst beaming from her brow,  
Again the painter's caught  
The pure and holy soul  
With which the face is fraught.

Yes, fraught with holy zeal,  
With joy from heaven above,  
The maiden waves her magic steel,  
And glances down in love.

And little did she dream,  
In that hour of fame and glory,  
That a martyr's death would end the scene,  
And close her earthly story.

#### PART THE THIRD.

Again that maid we view,  
But oh, how changed her fate !  
Blush, England ! blush, to think that you  
On a woman reeked thy hate.

Bound to the stake she stands,  
While, crossed upon her breast,  
Her meek and lowly hands  
Proclaim her soul's at rest.

If there was earthly cloy,  
Or aught of earthly fame,

That inspired that simple maiden,  
To gild her humble name—

In the sadness of that hour,  
It passed like dross away ;  
Nor earthly pride, nor earthly fame,  
Inspires her soul to-day.

She prays to heaven for strength,  
She prays to heaven for aid,  
She prays for a crown of martyrdom,  
For joys that cannot fade ;

Whilst near the blazing pile,  
Before her dying eyes,  
A monk holds up the cross of Christ,  
And points beyond the skies.

And in that hour of need,  
God heard the sufferer's cry—  
The pitying angel bore her prayers  
To Him who reigns on high.

From earth to heaven they rose,  
They reached th' Almighty's throne,  
And quicker than the lightning flies,  
That angel whisper'd Joan—



“ Weep not, tho’ sad thy story,  
Hush, hush thy dying breath,  
In heaven a crown of glory  
Awaits thee after death.”

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## FAIR ROSAMOND ; OR, WOODSTOCK BOWER.

It was eve upon a summer’s day,  
Fair Rosamond in Woodstock lay,  
And watch’d, with deep and calm delight,  
The shadows of approaching night :  
For, as the light began to dim,  
Came back the rapturous thought of him,  
The idol of her doting heart,  
So sweet to meet, so hard to part.  
But so it was ; in stern disguise  
She liv’d, wrapt from those jealous eyes  
Which strove to pierce the mystery through,  
That shrouded Woodstock’s bower so true.  
One infant lay upon her breast,  
Another, sunk in balmy rest,  
Shed o’er the spot a holy calm,  
That might the sternest heart disarm ;

For sure to infancy is given  
A charm that never can be riven ;  
The cherub form, the seraph eye,  
So like the angel-forms on high,  
That minister to God above,  
Inheritors of realms of love ;  
Oh ! childhood is, beyond compare,  
Emblem of all that's good and fair.

## II.

But yet within that bower of green,  
It was a lonely life I ween,  
For one who might have been a queen,  
To while away the weary day,  
With nought to do but watch and pray—  
To watch and bind the silken clue,  
And pray her Henry might be true ;  
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,  
To guide her slender fingers fair ;  
Else take her infant son in hand,  
And bid him by his brother stand,  
And bravely fight with sword in hand,  
For it might please the God above  
To take her to himself in love,

And then he would be left at large,  
And careful guard his youthful charge.  
While in that strain time passed away,  
And shorten'd many a lengthen'd day ;  
But now the falling of the leaves  
Her fond and trusting heart deceives ;  
And soft she lifts her eyes of blue,  
To meet her Henry, bold and true.  
But ah ! no Henry meets her eye,  
A female form is standing by,  
Who gazed with dark, portentous frown,  
As glaring on the scene around ;  
Her eye, if glance of eye could kill,  
Fell upon Rosamond cold and chill,  
Who clasp'd her infant closer still,  
And gazed upon her stranger guest  
With fear that could be ill repress.  
While thus the lady raised her hands,  
And spoke her dark and dire commands :—

## III.

“ Behold, thou minion of a king,  
His wife, whom thou hast dared to sting ;  
Who, while you won his noble heart,  
Felt slighted love's severest dart,

And pined within her palace drear,  
While thou by spells enchain'd him here.  
See, I have won the fatal clue,  
And now my vengeance falls on you ;  
Lay down that child of guilty love,  
And make thy prayer to God above ;  
Then take thy choice, be quick and hear  
My words, for they are words of fear ;  
The poison'd bowl, the poniard bright,  
Shall send thy soul to shades of night ;  
A warning dark to such as you,  
Of what Queen Eleanor can do."

## IV.

Who that hath seen the waters play  
Unruffled on a summer's day,  
So calm and clear the ocean lay,  
Sudden a tempest darkens o'er,  
The waters calm are calm no more,  
The fairy skiff that seem'd to glide,  
Like life upon a summer tide,  
Is toss'd upon the stormy waye,  
Without a hope or chance to save ;  
So Rosamond, in deep dismay,  
Has sunk upon her knees to pray—

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To pray that God may grant her power  
To save her in that awful hour.  
Then humbly to the queen she spoke,  
And thus her lowly accents broke :—

## V.

“Oh ! queen, if ever mercy stole,  
And shed its influence o’er thy soul ;  
If ever peace you hope to win,  
Stain not thy hands with such a sin.  
Remember that, whate’er my crime,  
The shame must fall on me and mine ;  
Then hear a suppliant mother’s prayer,  
And, for my infant boys so fair,  
Take not the life thou canst not give,  
But grant me grace on earth to live,—  
To rear them up to bravely fight  
For honour and their country’s right.  
Think on thy own, so nobly bred,  
Bring not a curse upon their head,  
By cutting short my youthful prime,  
And sending me before my time.”

## VI.

She ceased, and sank before the queen,  
Who stood erect with darken’d mien.

So might the fond and faithful dove  
Implore the kite to save her love,  
As Rosamond have hopes to melt  
That heart which never mercy felt.  
She gaz'd upon her victim long,  
To glut her hatred deep and strong ;  
Then spurn'd her with unbending look,  
And bade her listen as she spoke :

## VII.

“ I came not here thy sins to hide,  
Nor have my purpose turn'd aside ;  
No tears, no prayers, avail thee now.  
I have vow'd, and I will keep my vow,  
That ere to-morrow's sun shall rise,  
The sleep of death shall close thine eyes ;  
One choice alone remains to thee—  
Nay, rise from off thy guilty knee—  
This instant choose ; the bowl or knife  
Shall end the struggle of thy life.”

## VIII.

It is a saying often told,  
Confirm'd by many a story old,

That when the clouds are black as night,  
And darkness shrouds the heavens bright,  
While thunder echoes o'er earth's ball,  
The hand of God is seen through all.  
So in the midst of all her fear,  
The powers above sustain'd her here.  
She kiss'd her children o'er and o'er,  
And pray'd, when she should be no more,  
That God would guard their youthful days,  
And shield them both from evil ways,  
Then rais'd the poison'd bowl on high,  
And drain'd it down without a sigh.  
The heavy sigh is o'er at last,  
The bitterness of death is past.

## IX.

And Woodstock bower in ruins fell,  
And nothing now remains to tell  
Of her who met that fearful doom,  
That sent her to an early tomb.  
Though many a tale and legend old  
Say still, within a convent cold,  
She lingered out her weary life,  
A victim to a jealous wife.

And Eleanor, whom all must blame,  
Remains a blot on woman's name,  
And never mention'd but with shame.  
She liv'd unlov'd, uncar'd-for died,  
A monument of sin and pride.

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## MARY OF SCOTLAND.—A POETICAL ROMANCE.

My tale begins :—Within a convent shade,  
Was rear'd the fairest and the loveliest maid,  
The noblest of the youthful train around,  
Within those sacred walls her cares were bound ;  
Pleas'd with her lot, joy sparkl'd in her eye,  
Scarce had her bosom learnt to heave a sigh,  
Life was to her a stream of golden light,  
No sorrow stepp'd between its morn and night.

My tale revolves :—It is a brilliant court,  
Where knights and nobles gallantly resort,  
A queen their mistress, by whose sovereign skill  
Kingdoms and crowns bend equal to her will,  
Catherine de Medicis, proud but fearful name,  
Two different characters has left to fame ;  
One as a friend of genius, taste refin'd,  
The other a disgrace to woman-kind.



But now she stands and gazes on a scene,  
That but for her, perchance, had never been.  
A bridal train awaits her signal look,  
The mitred priest unfolds the holy book  
To bless the youthful bride, a queen by birth,  
The fairest form that ever trod the earth,  
For whose rare loveliness, the pride of France,  
A thousand warriors strove to break a lance.

Again my tale is turn'd :—In naval pride,  
A stately vessel nears the ocean side,  
A lady sits on deck and gazes o'er  
The waste of waters she must soon explore ;  
Sadly she leaves that fair and fruitful land,  
And takes her last fond look upon its strand,  
Then turns her thoughts unto her native shore,  
And dries her tears, resolv'd to weep no more.

Again the scene is changed :—With magic glance,  
Fair Scotland's pride are leading to the dance,  
Queen Mary beckons with a gesture bland,  
And mirth and music rise at her command ;  
While Darnley turns with rapture on her face,  
As if transfix'd with her transcendent grace ;

But at that hour, though rank and pomp surround,  
Her darkest angel shook his wings around,  
And every direful planet from above,  
Denounc'd in secret that ill-fated love.

'Tis chang'd again :—In Holyrood's high tower,  
The queen sits pensive in her lonely bower,  
While fancy wanders back o'er many a scene,  
And joys long fled come shadowing like a dream ;  
When her lov'd name in tourney or in dance,  
Awoke the noblest hearts that were in France,  
To deeds of chivalry, to prowess high,  
The recompense from her a smile or sigh.

Now all is chang'd :—Alone in that cold land,  
Though born to rule, few smile at her command ;  
Jealous of both her beauty and her power,  
The shades of darkness o'er her seem to lower.  
But one resource her languor doth beguile,  
And serves to soothe or raise the long-lost smile ;  
Rizzio, whose magic voice and tuneful lyre  
Now melts the soul, now kindles martial fire ;  
Yet as he sings to drive her cares away,  
His hours are number'd as the short-liv'd day.

E'en then his foes are closing in a band,  
Close to the door where, at the queen's command,  
His silvery tones float melting on the air,  
And drown in melody each thought of care ;  
Quickly he's seiz'd ! in vain he sued for aid,  
In vain his royal mistress wept and pray'd—  
Deaf to her cries, steel'd to her deep despair,  
His foes turn sullen from her anguish'd prayer ;  
Till, roused to what her state and rank demands,  
Sudden she awes them by her stern commands—  
“ I'll weep no more, my woman's tears resign,  
And vengeance dark and deep shall still be mine.”

The scene is chang'd :—Upon a lonely lake,  
Whose dismal waters still and silent break,  
A noble castle rears its massive walls,  
Where dwelt the stately Douglas in its halls :  
But at that moment, in a chamber high,  
Sat Mary Stuart with a flashing eye  
And haughty brow, as with a deadly frown  
The rebel chiefs encircled her around,  
And strove by menace and defiance plain,  
To make her sign the parchment, but in vain ;

'Til Ruthven, with a fierce and bitter cry,  
Seizing her wrist, said, "Sign it, or you die!"  
Then Mary took the pen and dash'd her name,  
With queenly pride that long shall live to fame,  
And turn'd and spoke, "You see this paper sign'd,  
In which I've kingdom and a crown resign'd;  
But were I free, the quivering flame should be  
The archives where I'd lodge both it and thee!"

It is Langside Queen Mary's gazing o'er,  
That field of carnage darkly strew'd with gore :  
Fled are her hopes, all chance of victory flown,  
She stands bereft of country, friends, and home :  
But oh, a deeper grief awaits her now,  
And bitter tears bedew the dying brow  
Of him who serv'd her with his heart and hand,  
The noble Douglas, flower of Scottish land !  
Bleeding he lies upon that fatal field,  
His hopes on earth, but not in heaven are seal'd.  
For kneeling at his feet in sacred guise,  
The priest upholds the cross before his eyes,  
And proffers to his lips the holy rite,  
While Mary gaz'd upon her dying knight,  
Who murmur'd forth, his hand upon his blade,  
"Had I ten thousand lives they'd be repaid,

Ah, richly paid the sacrifice of all,  
Were thou but near to see thy warrior fall !”

Years have pass'd by since my last strain was rung—  
Queen Mary's name has died on every tongue ;  
Her wrongs, her sorrows, are alike forgot,  
Calmly she liv'd, nor murmur'd at her lot,  
Full eighteen years since Fotheringay's dark walls  
Receiv'd its noble prisoner in its halls.  
But e'en a life of calm, a death of peace,  
Where all must end, and strife and struggle cease,  
Is now denied her, and her life must pay  
The penance of her sins, be what they may.

The fatal morn arose in tears and sighs,  
Dissolv'd in grief, all nature seem'd to rise ;  
Calm she came forth, surrounded by a train  
Of weeping maidens, who but wept in vain,  
While every eye was bent upon a face  
That still retain'd its loveliness and grace.  
For never in her days of glory fled,  
When charms like hers a magic lustre shed—  
Not in the splendour of her bridal hour,  
Not in the summit of her earthly power,  
Did Mary look more beautiful than now ;  
The touch of sadness on her chisell'd brow,

As, kneeling to the crucifix on high,  
She pray'd for constancy and grace to die,  
Then blest the chastening hand that laid her low,  
And bent her spirit meekly to the blow,  
To Him whose mercy call'd her to her home,  
To leave an earthly for a heavenly throne.

And such was Mary's fate, a lesson stern,  
That kings and princes are but loth to learn ;  
Not all her beauty and her charms of mind,  
Not all her talents and her taste refin'd,  
Not pride of birth, a long descent unstain'd,  
Not tho' a sovereign queen she once had reign'd,  
Could now avail her in her dying hour ;  
She felt how transient and how slight their power.  
A want of prudence was her only foe,—  
It caus'd her ruin and it laid her low.  
Had Mary been as wise as she was fair,  
Her factious foes had melted into air :  
Their guilty plots had on themselves recoil'd,  
And all their baneful schemes been quickly foil'd ;  
She ne'er had lost a kingdom and a throne,  
Nor suffer'd death unfriended and alone.

## SACRED POEMS.

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### LUTHER'S DREAM.

'Tis midnight hour, in sleep I close my eyes,  
And scenes of other worlds before my sight arise ;  
Sunk is my frame in deep and calm repose,  
Hush'd are my earthly cares and earthly woes ;  
All save the never-dying soul's at rest,  
That God-like essence which pervades the breast.

Sudden a dream my lingering sense enchains,  
I seem to wander o'er immortal plains,  
The bright perfections of eternal grace  
Are stamp'd for ever on that glorious place,  
While angels pass before my dazzled eyes,  
Each bound to earth ere morning's light arise.

I turn'd and spoke unto my heavenly guide,  
Who saw the wandering glance, and thus replied—

“ Mortal, that angel band is bound for earth,  
To guard each infant spirit from its birth,  
For know you not, the soul so bright and fair,  
Though born to die, is heaven's immortal heir ?

“ See you the foremost, with the down-cast eyes,  
His lot on earth is one of tears and sighs ;  
His guardian care is destin'd to attend  
A boy, whose haughty spirit ne'er shall bend,  
Till, shorn of riches and the pomps of life,  
He sinks unhonour'd in a world of strife.

“ That spirit, with a mild and placid mien,  
Must watch the steps of poverty unseen ;  
The child of sin, dishonour's only heir,  
Shall be that guardian angel's heavenly care ;  
His infant charge is fraught with every woe  
That strews the path of mortal man below.

“ And that bright being, on whose azure wings  
O'er the hush'd world eternal glory flings,  
Is bent a royal infant to defend  
From every sorrow that the world can send ;  
And in the thoughtful brow and steadfast air,  
Is seen already signs of future care.”



“But see ! that spirit radiant with delight,  
Say, what his mission from the world of light ?  
If royal pomp give but an air serene,  
What charge on earth inspires that heavenly mien ?  
Is it some saint from earth to heaven he'll guide,  
That swells yon angel with immortal pride ?”

“Mortal, you guess but ill the joys of heaven,—  
To that bright star the holiest task is given—  
The task of bringing back unscath'd from earth  
The infant spirit from its hour of birth ;  
Thus to bring back, the dying soul is blest,  
For death's the passage to immortal rest ?”

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## HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

### PART THE FIRST.

THE sun has set on Sharon's plain,  
O'er waving fields of golden grain ;  
Has set upon that sainted sod,  
Where angels spoke and prophets trod ;  
At eve it set—a glorious sight,  
But ere it rose in morning light,  
The patriarch stood before his tent,  
His stately form by sorrow bent .

For he must send his first-born child,  
To wander in the desert wild ;  
And Hagar too must leave her home,  
And both go forth to scenes unknown.

'Tis true an angel had declared  
That Ishmael's days they should be spared ;  
That though he went in pain and woe,  
His youthful frame no harm should know,  
But from his loins a race should spring,  
Whose deeds throughout the world would ring—  
A nation mighty in their fame,  
To proudly hand down Ishmael's name.

But now the parting hour was come,  
His heart with pain and grief was wrung ;  
It chill'd his soul, to part with those  
Who shar'd his joys and felt his woes.  
But God on high forbade ther stay,  
And Abraham dared not disobey ;  
So rousing Hagar from her sleep,  
He sent them forth alone to weep.

“ Hagar, come forth, the boy awake,  
Ere Sarah's hours of rest shall break ;

Go forth, thy God will guide thy way,  
A shield by night, a guard by day ;  
Where'er thy wandering footsteps bend,  
May angels watch thee and befriend !"

She took young Ishmael by the hand,  
And turn'd to seek another land ;  
She went, that lonely mother went,  
The God of Abraham saw her sent,  
And mark'd where'er her path might lead,  
To aid her in the hour of need.

PART THE SECOND.

Beneath the shade of yon dark wild,  
Sat Hagar watching o'er her child ;  
The lifeless form, the closing eye,  
Told death in all its horrors nigh ;  
Full three long days they'd wander'd lone,  
Since driven from the patriarch's home,  
Since Sarah's mandate, dark and high,  
Had sent them forth alone to die.

Bitter the cry, and deep the wail,  
That rose upon that desert gale ;  
For Hagar felt that Ishmael's hours  
Were fading fast like tender flowers ;

That he her darling and her pride,  
For whom she lived, and would have died  
To spare his soul one hour of pain,  
Would never rise from earth again.

No ! stiffen'd at her feet he lay—  
Gone was the smile, so bright and gay,  
That used to greet her fond embrace,  
And light with love his youthful face.  
Sunk in the deep and heavy sand,  
His tottering limbs refus'd to stand ;  
The mother turn'd her gaze away,  
And strove to rouse him as he lay.  
“ Ishmael ! my child, awake, arise—  
Oh God ! he'll die before my eyes ;  
Is there no help, no water near,  
No hand to succour in my fear ?  
Oh, cruel father, who could send  
Thy first-born son to such an end !  
Was it for this I bore my child,  
And watch'd his infant slumbers mild ?  
Gave him to haughty Sarah's care,  
Content the handmaid's lot to bear ?  
That he the promised flocks might gain,  
And over Israel's kingdom reign ?”

M

Is it the rising of the sand,  
That falls on Hagar's ear ?  
Or a bird of prey from some distant land,  
That touches her soul with fear ?  
She turns :—can her eyes believe their sight ?  
For an angel form is nigh ;  
He stands like a being of joy and light,  
That has left his native sky,  
To succour that friendless mother,  
And raise her fainting child ;  
And his voice, like music's murmur,  
Fell sweet on the desert wild.  
“ Hagar, arise ! thy God is near,  
Attend ; oh ! wherefore didst thou fear ?  
Ishmael shall live, shall live to reign,  
And found a great and mighty name ;  
His race shall spread o'er all the land,  
Where'er they go—a warlike band ;  
Shall live till time's remotest hour,  
Unchang'd their state, unbent their power.”  
The angel pointed to the rock—  
Before, it seem'd a solid block,  
But now the gushing stream distils,  
And rises in a thousand rills ;

Her grateful heart o'erflow'd with praise,  
To God, who thus had spar'd his days ;  
She knelt with Ishmael on the sand,  
And clasp'd his parch'd and burning hand,  
Then raising high her voice in prayer,  
Address'd the God of light and air :—

“O God of Abraham ! grant me grace  
To bless thy saving care ;  
To bless thy name in every place,  
And raise a grateful prayer.

“When Hagar's mingled with the dust,  
And Ishmael's days are run,  
Thy glories, Lord, they'll not forget,  
But hand from sire to son.

“When unborn nations shall arise,  
And celebrate thy name,  
When all beneath th' ethereal skies  
Adore their God the same—

“Then Hagar's wrongs, and Hagar's tears,  
Shall still remember'd be,  
And through the ceaseless flow of years,  
Cause all to worship thee.”

## J A C O B.

THE western clouds are steep'd in gold;  
The sun to ocean's cave has roll'd,  
The earth reflects the deepening glow,  
The trees their lengthen'd shadows throw  
O'er many a bright and verdant flower,  
That might have graced an angel's bower.  
The flocks that whiten o'er the plain,  
The cultivated fields of grain,  
Tell that the hand of man has made  
An Eden of the forest glade ;  
All nature seems to rest from toil ;  
Her weary sons who dig the soil,  
Pleas'd that their daily task is done,  
Sing welcomes to the setting sun.  
And Jacob, who had wander'd lone,  
Full many a lengthen'd mile from home,  
Rests him beneath the forest trees,  
And calmly courts the evening breeze ;  
While gazing on the scene around,  
He listens to the cheerful sound  
Of maidens with their silver strains,  
Of cattle lowing o'er the plains ;

While home, that blessed sound of peace,  
Whispers his journey soon will cease.  
Should Laban's tents prove near at hand,  
He will not miss his father's land ;  
Though sent to live in exile long,  
Till Esau's rage, so swift and strong,  
Should by Jehovah's will be turn'd  
Into the love that once had burn'd  
Between them, like a holy shrine—  
A blessing from the power divine.

But Jacob's thoughts return again  
To scenes of mingled bliss and pain ;  
When Esau, in his pride and joy,  
Went forth to shoot—a gleesome boy ;  
And he, himself, with flocks and herds,  
Spent days amid the flowers and birds ;  
But, when they both to manhood rose,  
Strife stept between, and made them foes ;  
Esau forsook his former life,  
And took a heathen maid for wife ;  
His birthright for a pottage sold,  
Nor lov'd his brother as of old.

Then came the days when God's commands  
Gave Isaac strength to lay his hands,



And bless his first-born ere he died,—  
Esau, his darling and his pride.  
But Jacob, by his mother's care,  
Received the blessing as his share.  
She saw, as with prophetic eye,  
Visions of future grandeur lie  
Hid, it is true, from human sight,  
But sure as fate to burst to light.  
Yet, when the deed was past and done,  
She trembled for her favourite son ;  
For Esau did not calmly stand  
And see it snatch'd from out his hand ;  
He vow'd a vengeance deep and high,  
That Jacob by his hand should die.  
How dreadful ! if a brother's knife  
Should rob her chosen boy of life !  
And Jacob as he lay reclined,  
View'd all these things within his mind,  
Mused on the days and scenes gone by,  
And strengthen'd memory with a sigh,—  
When a slight rustle in the leaves,  
Turn'd his attention to the trees,  
And there an object he survey'd,  
That well his curious glance repaid.

A female form had reach'd the well,  
Her charms no mortal pen can tell—  
The laughing eye of liquid blue,  
The rounded forehead's snowy hue,  
The hair, that shone like rings of gold,  
Was bound in many a graceful fold ;  
Her step might shame the wild gazelle,  
That lightly skims o'er plain and dell ;  
She seem'd, to Jacob's raptur'd eye,  
A being from the world on high ;  
He could not deem this lower earth  
Could give so fair a creature birth ;  
But when her voice in music broke,  
His heart was ravish'd as she spoke.

“ Stranger ! what brings thee lonely here ?  
Say, wouldst thou drink the waters clear ?  
To-night it is my turn to fill  
The vessels from yon silver rill ;  
Then drink, and if thou'rt tired of change,  
Or knowst not where thy steps to range,  
I'll lead thee to my father's home,  
And he shall bid thee cease to roam ;  
For Laban opens hand and heart,  
To give his fellow-creatures part

Of all beneath his lowly tent,  
And shares the gifts that God has sent."

"Maiden," replied the blushing youth—  
Fair mirror of angelic truth ;

"To Laban's home my steps are bent,  
A wanderer from my father's tent ;  
Thou seest before thee Isaac's son,  
And by Rebekkah's wish I come,  
To sit beside thy father's board,  
And take whate'er he will afford ;  
For Isaac's days are nearly fled,  
He soon will number with the dead ;  
But God, the fountain of all love,  
Whose glory fills the space above,  
Gave to the patriarch in a dream,  
Visions, his race were to redeem ;  
And bade him bless, before he died,  
The first-born of his joy and pride :  
The lot was Esau's claim by right,  
But Isaac's age had dimm'd his sight,  
And, by a slight deceit, I gain'd  
The blessing that my brother claim'd.  
That blessing is to raise my name  
And seed to an immortal fame ;

And more than that, within it lies  
The mystery of mysteries."

He ceased, but found himself alone ;  
The youthful maid had quickly flown,  
To spread the wondrous tale at home,  
To pour in Laban's simple ear  
The news that Isaac's son was near,  
And hastening with her father back,  
To guide him o'er the well-known track.  
For if on Jacob's ravish'd ear  
Her voice had fell like music clear ;  
If eye of blue, and golden hair,  
Had stamped her as a vision fair,  
He, in his turn, had won at sight  
That laughter-loving maiden bright.  
She who had smiled on all around,  
Now kept her smiles in secret bound,  
Close treasur'd for her lover's eye,  
As morn and night he came to sigh,  
And pour into her willing ear,  
The tale of love she joy'd to hear ;  
While Laban saw, with equal joy,  
That Rachel's charms had won the boy :

But, as he valued Jacob's aid,  
He took his service for the maid,  
For seven long years he made a vow,  
To Laban's harsh control to bow,  
And serve upon his kinsman's land,  
As recompense for Rachel's hand.

But now the retribution came—  
And Jacob felt he dared not blame ;  
As he deceived his father's heart,  
So Laban play'd the double part,  
And when the bridal hour came,  
Leah pledged her vows in Rachel's name ;  
Nor gave him Rachel, till agreed  
That seven years more, in word and deed,  
He should be subject to his vow,  
And to her father's mandates bow.

So Rachel dwelt in Jacob's tent,  
And gentle Leah neglected, spent  
Her days in duties calm and even,  
Her children bloom'd like plants in Eden.  
For God, who watches from above,  
To grant his people gifts of love,  
Took pity on the slighted wife,  
And blessed her pure and blameless life,

By raising up her seed on high—  
A seed whose fame shall never die ;  
While Rachel, who disdain'd to bend  
Her haughty spirit, found her end :  
Wither'd she sank into the tomb,  
Cut short in all her beauty's bloom.  
The wish that made her pine away  
Her useless life from day to day,  
In its completion proved her grave,  
And, when too late, a lesson gave  
Of patience with her lot on earth,—  
She knew not that in giving birth  
To children, which had been her prayer,  
Her first, her last, her only care,  
Now by Jehovah's rightful will,  
Was made the instrument to kill,  
And bore away her trembling breath,  
To rest within the shades of death !

While Leah, whose patience not in vain  
Had reach'd her God, in many a strain  
Of humble and contented praise,  
Now reap'd the blessings of her ways—  
The blessing that will ever fall  
On those contented with their call.

TO THE LADY LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD,

*This Sacred Poem of*

JUDITH,

*Is, by permission, most respectfully dedicated by her  
Ladyship's most grateful and obliged servant,*

*JULIA TILT.*

THE lights are bright on Judah's towers,  
Her watchfires reach the sky,  
But sad her children pass the hours  
'Till morning light is nigh.

For while they strive to watch and pray,  
The Assyrian hosts around them lay,  
And vow, before the shadows fly,  
Proud Judah's sons shall surely die.  
No Hezekiah's prayers are near,  
To reach Jehovah's listening ear,  
That mighty force may not again  
Untouch'd by mortal hand be slain.  
The elders cast a pitying eye  
On many a youthful mother nigh,  
On many a maid whose golden hair  
Fell streaming o'er her forehead fair,

And thought that, ere the morrow's light,  
Each gentle form must rest in night !  
All in that leaguer'd city felt  
Their hopes like ice in sunbeams melt,  
Save one whose firm resolve was made,  
Its sacred walls to shield and aid.  
Untouch'd, unscath'd, she vow'd to go,  
And meet her people's bitterest foe ;  
To while him by her grace and charms,  
And when she'd won him to her arms,  
That instant draw the glittering knife,  
And end the proud Assyrian's life.

And who on Judith's face could gaze,  
Nor feel how bright her beauties blaze ?  
Hers was the deep and thoughtful eye,  
The glance that ne'er could fade or die,  
But left its impress on the heart,  
As if it would a charm impart,  
To last though years pursued their course,  
But ne'er to lose its fire or force ;  
Fix'd like a spell upon the brain,  
That come what would is still the same.

She stood, upon that council night,  
As if inspir'd by visions bright,



Bidding them pray from hour to hour,  
And post a watchguard on the tower,  
Nor fear, for God inspired her arm,  
His power would shield her feet from harm,  
But be prepared to issue out,  
And put their mortal foe to rout :  
For should the Assyrian's life be given,  
That mighty host might then be riven,  
And fly before her people's arms,  
A victim to their own alarms.

She went amid the prayers and tears  
Of youthful maids and aged seers,  
She pass'd the towers without alarm,  
Her beauty shed a magic charm—  
While those who saw her winding down,  
To reach the camp that lay around,  
Watch'd the soft shadows of her veil,  
Glittering amid the moonlight pale ;  
Blest in their hearts the purpose high,  
That could go forth alone to die.  
For should she fail, an instant death,  
Or worse, might seize her trembling breath.  
And Judith went, and how she sped,  
In book of sacred writ is read ;

How she obtain'd her purpose high,  
And saw the mighty army fly,  
Who but the day before had vow'd  
Her city should in dust be bow'd.  
Now flew before her people's force  
Assyria's pride, both man and horse ;  
Sunk vanquish'd on the battle plain,  
Without the power to rise again.

Yes ! Judith, when the sacred book  
We turn and to thy story look,  
Though many an age has felt decay,  
Thy nation's glory swept away,  
Thine still remain untouch'd, unbroke,  
As if but yesterday the stroke  
Had laid the fell invader low,  
And freed thy people by the blow.

So when we have some end in view,  
Some purpose holy, bold and true,  
We'll think of thee, whose woman's heart  
Yet nobly strove to do its part ;  
Nor shrink, though stern the duty lies,  
And clouds of doubt before us rise ;  
But persevere and bear in mind,  
That Judith's God we still can find.

## HYMN.

THY virtues rouse our childhood's powers,  
They cheer us in our age ;  
And oft are spent our happiest hours  
Upon that sacred page.

That book of love, whose leaves contain  
Our duties plain and clear ;  
Without which life would be in vain,  
And nought have power to cheer.

Then, Judith, when we turn to read  
The story of thy cares,  
We'll pray our God, in hour of need,  
May grant, like thee, our prayers. •

THE END.







